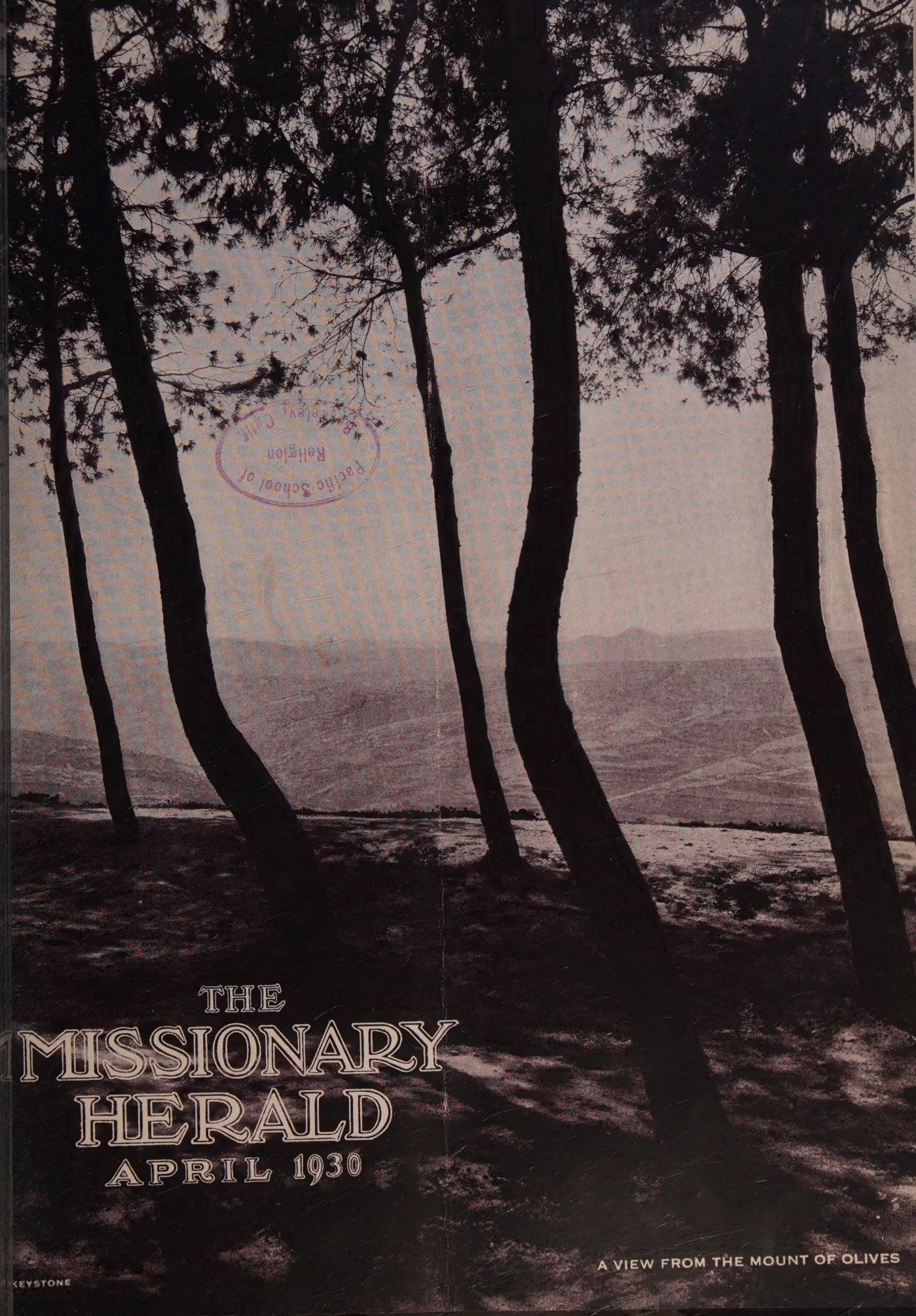
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THE MISSIONARY HERALD

APRIL 1930

A VIEW FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

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OUR APRIL NUMBER

pulsates with the spirit of evangelism. From Dr. Goodsell's Easter message on to the news notes this primary purpose of the real missionary finds expression today, as it did when the Board was organized in 1810, and when the little band of preachers went forth from the church in Antioch in Paul's day.

Missions began with the first Easter. Search as we may for a "modern missionary motive" we never can find a more powerful one for individual or church than that inner urge which is born of a conscious fellowship with a Risen Lord and Savior. In and through all missionary work of lasting value, behind all sound plans of advance, indeed at the very heart of everything worth while in this business is this inspiring consciousness. The better we "experience" the Living Christ, the more we connote in the assertion that our very "motive and message are Jesus Christ Himself."

This note of evangelism is struck in practically all the articles. We feel its spirit in the desire of the East Africa missionaries to give Chief Ziiki a school, in the meaning of the three crosses of the Jubilee in West Africa, in the work of extension in far off Shansi and in Fukien Province, and in the zeal of Mr. Bates' evangelists in South India.

We believe our readers will be helped by Mrs. Lillian Fairchild Wells of Lewiston, Maine, through her unusual way of emphasizing Christ's Great Commission.

Secretary Minton and Dr. Woodworth of the Christian branch of our United Church give a special message to us all. As we said last month, this Christian Section of the HERALD will continue throughout 1930.

Those who have become interested in Mrs. Rose's *Diana's Indian Diary* will probably wish to turn first to this feature of the HERALD. In this number she gives us the "low-down" on the much-talked-of Nancy-Ann-Miller-Ex-Maharajah-of-Indore marriage—among other things.

The results of the Prize Contest are announced in this number and the program that won the prize is printed in full.

NEXT MONTH

we hope to give special attention to the program of the West Africa Jubilee, and to industrial and social welfare work in various fields.

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JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

GOD'S GIFT IS LIFE

By FRED FIELD GOODSELL

EASTER morning in Jerusalem! Not amid the strident throngs of oriental worshippers about the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, nor moving along the narrow, cobbled streets toward lesser shrines, but on Mount Olivet!

The city lay at my feet. With a single glance I could gather points as widely separated as the green hill near Gordon's Calvary outside the city walls, the Temple Area, and the Kidron Valley below the craggy site of the ancient city of David. Christ must frequently have seen the city from this angle. I had risen early to be alone at dawn in the open as was His wont. I wanted to try to think some of His thoughts after Him, to let His spirit completely possess me, to catch the thrill of the first Easter morning when broke the great news about Him.

The immediate background of my experience at the time was the sessions of committee and council in which that great statement of "The Christian Message" had been born. "Our message is Jesus Christ. He is the revelation of what God is and of what man may ultimately become . . . In His life and through His death and resurrection, He has disclosed to us the Father, the Supreme Reality, as Almighty Love, reconciling the world to Himself by the Cross, suffering with men in their struggle against sin and evil, bearing with them and for them the burden of sin, forgiving them as they, with forgiveness in their own hearts, turn to Him in repentance and faith, and creating humanity anew for an ever-growing, ever-enlarging, everlasting life."

"Creating humanity anew!" This really is good news. And it is good news because it is true. And it is as good news today as it was nineteen hundred years ago. God's GIFT is life. LIFE is God's gift. GOD is the giver. What He gives is in reality a gift. It cannot be earned or merited. It is a gift. We must not let words get in the way of our thinking. We must not stumble over phrases. We are challenged to understand with the eyes of our hearts as well as with the eyes of our minds that God's gift is life, life abundant. The Easter morn could bring us no greater blessing. It should bring us no lesser. "In Him was Life."

With such thoughts as these stirring in my mind as I sat on that Olivet hillside overlooking Jerusalem, I began to turn the pages of my New Testament. Each page seemed to glow with new meaning. I seemed to have found the key to its innermost heart. Not only familiar passages like John 3:16: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," and Romans 6:23: "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord," but obscure verses like 2 Peter 1:3: "His divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life," and Romans 8:21: "The creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God," seemed each to be a note in the harmony of the gospel symphony. More than that. The whole course of the history of Israel, with the coming of Jesus in the fullness of time, fell into a new perspective as I thought of it in the light of the message of Easter morning. Cut where I chose into the story told by the Old and New Testament, there flowed out like blood from a severed artery the message that God's gift is life. The Risen Christ gathers up into His personality the fullness of God's gift of life to me and to all men.

Yes, to ALL men. I fell to thinking of the meaning of Calvary and Olivet to the missionary movement of the present day. God's gift of life is to ALL men. I began to mention slowly, aloud to myself, the names of some of the delegation to that Council, men and women whom I was meeting on the grounds here and there, in the midst of whom I was sitting in the Council chamber: Ahmad Shah and Chenchiah of India, Bocobo of the Philippines, Braga of Brazil, Jabavu of South Africa, Kim and Ryang of Korea, Chao and Cheng of China, Ba of Burma, Kozaki and Uzaki of Japan, Randzavola of Madagascar, Subiyeh of Syria, Sheikh Dewairy of Egypt, and many others. Those faces, those voices, those spirits, mingling in spiritual fellowship, gave new meaning to the fact of Christ. These men and women and those they represented had come to share God's gift of life. They were eager to join forces with his children in all lands in making Jesus known. I was very deeply impressed as I thought of these friends with their sense of the complete appropriateness of Christ to them and to their people. He had become their sure possession. He was God's gift to them just as truly as to the Jews of the first century in Palestine or to the European and American of today. I can scarcely conceive of a more striking demonstration of the universality of Christ

than that afforded by the fellowship of the Jerusalem Council. And yet the actual fact of Christ's hold upon the world today is but feebly pictured by that gathering. Not only do His cross and His resurrection form the living hope of the multitudes represented at Jerusalem, but in Him are centered all those larger hopes of humanity, for justice and kindness in industry, for complete international understanding, and for abiding and fruitful peace.

God's gift of life in the crucified and risen Christ is universal not only geographically, it is universal in its ministry to the deepest needs of men on all levels and in all relationships. As His disciples, we have just begun to take the measure of the task set by loyalty to Him. New areas of human interest to which Christ can bring abundant life are swinging toward the center of our consciousness. Rural problems the world over, industrial conditions East and West, regions where race relationships are critical, all these await the release of the creative Christ spirit in their midst. That alone can bring life that shall be worthy the name.

Vision brings hope. Hope inspires loyalty. Loyalty multiplies effort. True love is born. The Christ appears and we see that we are serving no common Master. The Lord of Life bends over us, He rises within us, He goes before us, He reveals Himself to us in His surpassing beauty.

HIS LAS' COMMAN'

By LILLIAN FAIRCHILD WELLS

This beautiful story is by one who, as "long as she can remember has been interested in the work of missions," and has been a loyal worker for them. She never has had normal sight, but can use a typewriter, having learned the Helen Keller system.

MRS. MARKHAM, of New York, and her two young sisters, making leisurely return to their northern home after a three-months' stay in Florida, had been strolling about some of the streets of a small Virginia town. It was May according to the calendar, but July to judge by the temperature, and the three were very warm, tired and thirsty. As they turned into a pleasant street which would presumably lead them back to their hotel, they came to a neat white cottage, shaded by magnolias and papaw trees, its porch covered with rose vines ablush, and the space between it and the sidewalk crowded with gay flowers. A well-kept paling fence added to its general air of modest self-respect, while upon a gatepost was a painted board, bearing this inscription, "Seedcakes and home-made root beer within."

"Read that, girls!" cried Mrs. Markham. "It sounds refreshing, doesn't it? Let's go in and test the power of seedcakes and root beer to keep us from perishing by the wayside."

Before they could reach the door, it was opened by a woman clad in stiffly starched indigo-blue calico and spotless white apron. A turban as gay as her flowers adorned her head, and the face below it, shining with a smile of welcome, was a black face.

"Good af'noon, ladies," she said in a rich low voice, "I's glad to see yo.' Walk in."

The room into which she ushered them was as bright as her face, and as neat as her starched dress. Gayly colored braided mats were spread over the well-scrubbed bare floor; puffy patchwork cushions lay in the splint-bottomed rocking-chairs; mottoes worked on canvas with rainbow-tinted wools, hung upon the walls; several small round tables, covered with freshly ironed white cloths, stood in convenient places; in one corner a red-covered stand held a Bible, a hymn book, and a pile of magazines. The strong afternoon light was softened to a green dimness by the trees and vines outside; the cool contrast to the heat out of which they had just stepped was most acceptable; no one was there before them to detract from their agreeable sensation of discovery, surprise and pleased expectancy.

"Yo'-all's hot an' tired an' thusty, ain' yo?" the dusky mistress of this attractive place said compassionately. "Set right down hyah—nebbah min' settin' up to de table, teck de rockahs, dar's one f'r each ob yo'—an' I's bring yo' some 'fresh-mints, t'reckly."

While she was gone, Mrs. Markham, glancing about with mingled admiration and curiosity, spied the pile of magazines on the stand in the corner. "Why, girls!" she exclaimed, "if there aren't some copies of THE MISSIONARY HERALD! Did you ever?"

"Do you suppose she reads them?" one of the girls asked.

"Oh, probably not. Some one must have given them to her, and she enjoys looking at the pictures of her undressed relatives in 'darkest Africa,' and drawing contrasts between their condition and hers!" was the laughing rejoinder.

Just then the woman came back, bearing a tray with a most tempting array of "freshmints" upon it. While they ate she stood a little apart, not watching them, but ready to serve them at need. After they had done full justice to the contents of plates and glasses, gratifying the hostess with unstinted praise of her creations the while, the ladies were still reluctant to leave this comfortable refuge from the heat and dust; besides, whether they would have been willing to acknowledge it or not, there was certainly something peculiarly attractive in the personality of this dark-skinned woman which made them wish to know more of her. So Mrs. Markham began talking of her flowers and her pleasant home, and when these topics seemed likely to fail, since, while the smiling hostess seemed pleased with her visitor's apparent interest, she made the briefest possible response, it was evident that they could not delay their departure much longer. Mrs. Markham took up one of her long gloves and began drawing it up over her round, white arm. The girls sighed, and did likewise. Suddenly, one of them—the one with the dimples and the roguish twinkle in her eyes—with a half-laughing glance at the others, asked, "Are you interested in missions? I see you have some copies of a missionary magazine there."

The black face shone again, and the low voice answered eagerly, "Oh yas'm! 'Deed I is! I reads dem ober an' ober agin, an' dey's nex' bes' to de hymn-book when I's tired an' low in my sperrits. 'Deed I *is* int'rusted! How I gwine he'p it? I 'bleeged to be."

"Why, how is that?" asked Mrs. Markham, returning her sister's smiling glance. "What obligation are you under?"

The eyes under the shadow of the turban opened wider, and the smile on the dark face gave place to grave surprise. "Obblegation?" she repeated. "De same obblegation dat yo'-all's undah, I reckon. I's a Christian, honey, jes a Christian, dat's all."

"Well, so am I, that is, I'm a church member, and I suppose that's the same thing. But I never felt obliged to take any special interest in missions."

The gravity in the other's face deepened.

"How long is yo' ben a Christian?" came the question, after a moment's silence.

"Oh, I joined the church when I was quite a young girl—it was twelve or thirteen years ago, I think."

"An' yo' ain' nebbah feel dat yo' 'bleeged to be int'rusted in de Lord's work, yit?"

"Why, yes, I do a great deal of church work! I am on the flower committee, and help get up all the entertainments, and take my turn in having charge of the suppers, and make lots of things for the church fairs. I'm almost always busy about some work of that kind. I think," with a little laugh, "that I am considered to be quite important in the church."

Why she should think it necessary to be defending herself to this poor, ignorant black woman, Mrs. Markham could not well have told. She was certainly becoming quite uncomfortable, and could see that the girls were exchanging covert glances of younger sisterly amusement. She half rose to go, but the low voice, with that strange, vibrant thrill in it restrained her.

"Well then, what would you call the Lord's work, if none of the things I have mentioned can be called that?" she asked.

"Bress yo', chile! Ain' yo' nebbah eben know what de Lord's work *is*? What kin' ob preachin' does yo' hab up Norf? An' ain' yo' nebbah read dem MISSIONARY HERALDS?"

"Our minister is called one of the finest preachers in the city, but he never seems to tell us anything really definite as to what we ought to do. I know he talks beautifully, but I never seem to be able to remember much of what he says. I take the MISSIONARY HERALD but I don't get time to read it. I never thought of *my* doing missionary work, and if I had, I should have said it was none of my business. I should think the heathen would be happier with their own religions, that they were born and brought up in, and it seems like a piece of impertinence for us to go and meddle with them. I feel different about home missions. They seem more reasonable. Of course we want people taught to be good citizens, so that we shall be safe from crime, and having a church in any community seems to make it more decent and respectable. But I guess there are plenty of people to look after that kind of work. I certainly was never cut out for it. In fact, I don't see how any of it concerns me at all."

"'Scuse me, I ain' no call fo' be 'quis'tive, but is anybuddy yo' lubs pow'ful well ebbah die?"

The tears sprang to Mrs. Markham's eyes as she replied, "Yes, my precious mother died when I was only eighteen, and the empty place she left in my heart has never been filled."

"An' when she was mos' cl'ar up to de gates ob glory did she gib yo' a las' word—suffin she wan' yo' be mighty p'tic'lah 'bout?"

"She certainly did."

"An' ef'n yo' don' min', mought I ax yo' what 'twas?"

"No, I don't mind, though I can't see what it has to do with what we were talking about. She said—and I can think just how her voice sounded when she said it—'Sarah, you'll be a mother to Alice and Bessie, won't you, and try to make up to them in every way you can for my leaving them?' I was the eldest, you see, and two children between me and these girls here had died, so mother naturally looked to me to take her place to them as far as I could."

"An' is yo' ebbah fo'git dem dying' words? Is yo' ebbah treat dem li'l gals like yo' know yo' muddah be dis'p'inted wid yo' fo'? Ain' dem words de preciousest t'ings what 'longs to yo', an' wouldn' yo' t'ink shame ob yo'se'f if yo' done fo'git 'em, an' t'ink dey ain' wuth min'in?"

"Of course I should! What a question! Girls"—Again the lady made as if to rise, and again sank back in her chair. Those black eyes held her as with a spell she could not break.

The other woman drew a step nearer, and with her great, hard hands clasped tightly together, and her face quivering with emotion, said "Don' yo' 'membah when de Lord Jesus die an' ben raised agin, jes as He was gittin' ready to go back to He Fader, what He'd ben homesick fo' so long, He was talkin' to He 'sciples fo' a right smart while, 'bout heaps ob t'ings He want 'em p'intedly to 'membah, an' dat He couldn' tell 'em 'bout befo', and' at las', when it seem like He couldn' wait 'nuddah minute, de angels shove open a big do' in de sky, an He seed de gates ob pearl, an' de hosses an' chariots ob fiah comin' fo' to teck Him up; an' dey all look so much like de good ole times dat seem like He nachally wouldn' t'ink ob nuffin else; but He jes turn back to He 'sciples, an' wid a gre't shinin' smile on He face He say, 'Go ye into all de worl' an' preach de gospil to ebery creachah!'

"Honey, dar ain' nuffin in heaben nor on arth dat's preciouser to me dan dem las' words ob His'n. My mammy die when I's jes a pickaninny, so I ain' know nuffin 'bout *her* las' words; en' ef'n I did, dey wouldn' be so precious to me as His'n. Fo' my mammy died kase she couldn' he'p herse'f; but my bressed Jesus die fo' *me*, kase He wan' to—fo' me an' all de uddah po' sinnahs in dis sinful worl'—jes kase He wan' to do it! He lub me an' all de res' jes kase He so plumb-full ob lub dat He nachally cyarn' he'p it! He ain' 'bleeged to do it, but He *wan'* to do it!

"We ain' know nuffin 'bout Him; we jes gwine on wid our wickedness like we stuck in de deep, brack mud, 'til we's all cubb'ed wid it, but we ain' cyar. An' peahs like dat bressed Jesus say to He Fader, 'I lubs 'em so dat I cyarn' stan' it! An' I wants 'em to know I lubs 'em, an I wants 'em to lub me! Dar ain' nuffin too big, nor nuffin too hard fo' me to do fo'm to show 'em I lubs 'em. I ben a-studyin' 'an a-studyin', an' I reckon I kin do suffin' so's dey'll hab to lub me,—I'll jes *meck* 'em lub me!' He say.

"An' He Fader, He ain' meck no dejections, an' dat bressed Jesus He come down off'n He th'one, an' go sof'ly out'n de back way, kase He ain' wan' all de angels to be prodjeckin' 'bout Him,—dey fin' it out, do', an' meck a big time 'bout it, singin' an' shoutin',—an' He comes down hyah to dis arth, an' 'peahs like He say, 'I's all de same as yo' all. Dar ain' no stuck-upness 'bout me. I's do jes as much fo' po' brack Deb'rah as I does fo' de riches' an' grandes' lady in de lan'. An' if po' brack Deb'rah'll do as I say, an' lub me like she'd oughter fo' all I's done fo' her, den bimeby she shil shine as de sun, an' her gyarmints shil be white as de light; an I'll teck her by de han' an say to her, "Come, ye bressed ob my Fader!"

"How dat gwine meck me feel, I axes yo'? Ain' I gwine feel like I gwine do eberyt'ing He wan' to hab me do? An' ain' I gwine be int'rusted in eberyt'ing He's trying' to do fo' dis sinful worl'? An' when He say, 'Go ye into al de worl' an' preach de gospil,' ain' I gwine do it?"

Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations . . . And lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

CHIEF ZIIKI WITH HIS MISSIONARY FRIENDS

CHIEF ZIIKI MAKES UP HIS MIND

CHIEF ZIIKI wanted a school in his kingdom which happened to be a part of the Devuli Ranch, a *small* "farm" of only 850,000 acres! So when Columbus Nyalunda, a native Bible man, passed by, Ziiki, figuratively speaking for Africa, buttonholed him and voiced his request, backing it by offers of strong support, both financial and moral.

Columbus went back and reported to the mission his discovery of a new world waiting to be occupied. With him went one of Ziiki's henchmen to bring back the answer to his chief. It was a vague answer—altogether too vague, according to Ziiki's way of thinking—so he himself talked to the Native Commissioner and received permission to have a school, provided the American Board Mission would open it.

With the help of Columbus Nyabunda, the Chief laid out the site and set his own men to cutting poles. It began to look very much as though the missionaries *were* going to have a school!

Followed a visit to the owner of the ranch, a Mr. Dott, by John S. Marsh of Mount Silinda. Mr. Dott was interested—deeply—and not only offered land for the school building, but a goodly piece to be laid out in experimental garden plots. Mr. Dott, it appeared, had ideas of his own about the development of the natives.

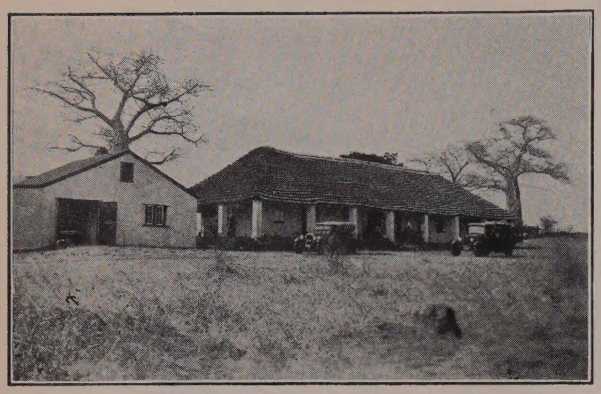
"They will never get ahead and develop personal pride and character," he said firmly, "unless the government gets away from the Reservation system and makes it possible for individual natives to own their own plots of land. The Native Land Purchase areas are, of course, governmental steps toward achieving this goal. "The other thing," Mr. Dott added, "which is necessary to their development, is the educating and uplifting of their women."

A little aversion to "catechisms, prayers and ritual" as a means of "educating" the native, which conception of a missionary school was still lingering in the mind of the Native Commissioner of Bikita District, caused him to be a little skeptical about this new school. The missionaries heartily agreed with him and explained *their* ideas about the *all-round* development of the native, the training of him for useful service to himself and others.

A great light broke on the Commissioner.

A school? Why yes, any number of schools anywhere!

As enthusiastically as a "boy with a pair of new skates," as Missionary Marsh expresses it, Chief Ziiki joyfully led him and Missionaries Columbus C. Fuller and Frank T. Meacham of Chikore to the spot selected.



THE ANGUS RANCH

This ranch is sizable enough with its fifty thousand acres and four thousand head of cattle. Its owner is Mr. Dott, who is quoted in the accompanying article. Far from town, a ranch must be self-supporting. No wonder Mr. Dott feels that the natives should be taught practical subjects.

CHIEF ZIIKI AND SOME OF HIS PEOPLE

Chief Ziiki deserves a school if any chief ever did. He has been undaunted and never discouraged by the unsatisfactory answers that the missionaries have had to give him.

MEASURING FOR THE SCHOOL

The site is chosen, and now Mr. Fuller is pacing off to see whether the space allotted is too large or not.

"I myself," he said with dignity, "will attend the school, and I will lead my people there."

"His people" mean some twenty thousand souls and fifty-one headmen. He is a powerful chief, is Ziiki. What will happen when Christian ideals as taught in his school clash with heathen practices? Will Ziiki go all the way?

So much for the story.* And if you are interested in the old chief read

John S. Marsh on Chief Ziiki

Ah! here comes Chief Ziiki. He has donned for the occasion his military coat with its shiny buttons and a felt hat with ostrich plumes nodding jauntily along the brim. He has the dignity of a chief, the portliness of a chief, and—yes, the breath of a chief, somewhat beery.

He greets us with unconcealed joy. Years he has waited for this day: missionaries actually on the ground to talk about the actual building of a school! He orders two large morris chairs brought to the Native Commissioner's rest hut, in which we are camping, and he sits as a chief should sit, in his own capital and surrounded by his councilors. We share with him our harmless tea—he seems to enjoy it.

He comes to the point surprisingly soon for a native. We must go with him to see the site of the school. Off we start over an old road overgrown with grass. Chief Ziiki sits proudly in the car, looking as though he has always ridden in one. On leaving it, a few minutes walk across the veldt brings us to a fine place near a swampy swale which, when properly drained, will make splendid gardens.

"How many children can you send to the school?" we ask.

"Oh, there are thousands! I will lead the way and my people will follow me."

"What a fearful exaggeration!" I say to myself.

We return to the Chief's capital. He is obviously proud of his square house built in the Christian style. It is set at the upper end of an immense rectangular court flanked on either side by a row of the houses of his wives, sixteen in number. The court is probably about 250 yards long and 100 yards wide.

He shows us his treasures: in an inner room is his four-poster mahogany bed made at Mount Silinda. And, wonder of wonders!—no, you would never guess—topping it is a dusty mosquito net, full of holes, used, I am sure, much more as an or-

*Most of these facts have already and recently appeared in letter form. But in using Mr. Marsh's later and more detailed account, accompanied by photographs, we restate them to round out the story.

nament and a badge of distinction than as a protection against the winged evils.

He shows us his book of headmen. We count fifty-one. With an average of fifteen to twenty kraals to each Headman, Chief Ziiki must rule over some 15,000 to 20,000 people! No, he hasn't exaggerated, after all, about his children.

We invite the Chief, his wives and children, to an evening meeting. Before our evening meal is well finished, the children and young men begin to gather, and soon the Chief himself arrives, and his wives with their distinctive shaven heads, rows of necklets and anklets, and skirts of skins. There in the light of our American auto headlights, Mr. Fuller tells these Africans why we have come; tells them he hopes the school the Chief is setting up may flourish, and that later on when hardships come there may be no turning back. Mr. Meacham tells them he will be supervising the school and therefore seeing them frequently; he feels sure they will work well together.

To my lot falls the evangelistic part of the meeting. As I look into the faces of these people, gleaming in the light of the car, I am deeply stirred. This chief with his thousands of people—if he will only take Jesus Christ as *his* chief, and follow Him! If he will but seek to lead his people, not only into the paths of education and civilization, but into the way of love and allegiance to the Master, what might he not do to hasten the coming of the Kingdom in this land. I try to bring this message home to him.

When I ask if any want to follow the Christ, five stalwart sons of his stand up and say that they have already started out to become Christians, and they want to keep on in the way. One of them who has studied for a time in the Dutch Mission closes the meeting with a word of prayer.

They all linger to sing several songs—all these people dearly love to sing—then disappear into the darkness. A little later we hear the drums start up, and some of the young folks begin a *Chinyambira* dance. There are two drums of different pitches, both very sonorous, jarring, not very pleasantly, on our sleepy ears. I finally rise and go over to the kraal where they are dancing, their figures wildly rhythmical against the firelight.

Weird! Uncanny! The atmosphere of the place takes possession of me, a ghostly sense of something that is almost fear.

When our cook boy tells the young people that their drums are keeping us awake, they very courteously stop the "pom-pom"; soon there is no sound but the rustle of the leaves in the trees over our heads.

MR. AND MRS. BRIDGES RECEIVING MISSIONARIES

The owner of the Devuli Ranch (which comprises 850,000 acres of land, with 17,000 head of cattle) and his wife welcomed the missionaries with cordiality into their lovely homestead. The missionaries consulted him on the advisability of opening a school for the native Africans on his ranch.

DOME ROCK BEHIND BIKITA

Mr. Marsh took this photograph from a tree. The native commissioner has his headquarters here. The center comprises his home office, the post office, police camp, hospital for native syphilitic cases. The conversation of the missionaries with Commissioner Waters was "thoroughly enjoyable."

CROSSING THE SABI

The cattle arrived, the chain was attached to the axle and the Chevrolet was ferried to the other side. Mr. Meacham is at the wheel.

Early the next morning the five boys who have expressed their desire to continue in the Christian life are on hand with the Chief and a number of others for morning prayers, and are courteously and seriously attentive. Then a last picture of the group, and good-byes, and we are away over a stretch of road, along which no car has traveled for a year.

I shall never forget this trip. The eagerness for an education of Chief Ziiki and his people is etched deeply on my memory and on my heart. People like that must have the right kind of training. Africa is indeed awaking from her long sleep.

To what will she awake? Exploitation? A superficial veneer of European civilization? Or a deep, abundant life that will bring abiding joy? The deep-thinking colonials here are realizing that even in their own interests they must educate the native. It is a land of development and opportunity, this land of Southern Rhodesia. If we here on the field are wise, quick to sense what is essential; if those in the homeland are faithful in their prayers, visions, and support, please God His Kingdom will advance in a wonderful way. "Let us go up into the land to possess it." "The fields are white unto the harvest."

AN EXPERIENCE MEETING

By JEANIE GRAHAM McCLURE

At a recent English prayer meeting of the station, Miss Martha Wiley the leader, suggested that for once we should forget the problems and dwell upon the more encouraging aspects of our work, each one telling recent experiences along evangelistic lines which should show that the people were receiving the Gospel and receiving it gladly.

She herself had noted that now we were not only sowing the seed, but were reaping the harvest from the seed-sowing of those who had gone before. As she has gone here and there in the villages, she has often met women who knew all about the Gospel, and who, with only a few words of persuasion, were ready to surrender themselves to Christ.

Dr. Beard spoke of one mountain village where he met two men between sixty and seventy years old. They wished to join the church and he asked them where they had been taught about Christianity.

"Why, Mr. Hartwell taught us," they replied. It has been many years since Mr. Hartwell lived and labored in this field, but he is still lovingly remembered by such old people here and there.

In the same village were younger people eager to hear more and to join the church. When Dr. Beard examined one boy of fourteen on the essentials of the Christian doctrine, he had to admit to himself that the boy knew more than he had at the same age; the boy's grandmother hopes he will enter the ministry. At Dung Cio, Dr. Beard found the church packed to the doors. Several were ready for baptism, among them a woman who was afraid she would break down under the ordeal of being examined by the foreign preacher.

"I would not think of examining her," he exclaimed on learning this; "you tell me what you think of her as to her readiness for church membership, and as to how she is regarded by her neighbors in the community."

Mr. Christian has been going out with first one preacher and then another, in the old two by two style, to this village and to that. In one village where he had started work a year ago, and where his wife had organized a Sunday school, he found a great change. The weekly service was quiet and well conducted, instead of being full of noise and confusion as at first; the people were reverent during prayer. One man who had always been eager and helpful, ready to bring chairs and call the neighbors in to listen, was now a cripple. He is ready to join the church, but as he cannot walk to it and has no money to hire a chair, the preacher will receive him into membership in his own home.

Mr. Christian also spoke of his lawyer friend, who is a shining light, a splendid example of the power of Christ to change the heart and life of a man who is willing to take Him in and to let Him have first place. This man has been the means during the past year and a half of bringing no less than thirty-five people to Christ. He had a half holiday

last week and he spent it sitting in his anteroom talking to any who came to consult him about their souls. For some time he has given this room over to a weekly meeting, and has come out of his office to share in it when business permitted. He is working with his own relatives—perhaps as strong a testimony to his sincerity as could be given.

Mrs. Christian was ready with her evidence as to the changed attitude of women toward evangelistic workers. In Yellow Goat Village, out on the plain, these workers had in the past walked the streets trying to make an opening for an invitation into a house to hold a meeting, and the doors were not opened in welcome. But now they are eagerly asked to come in and the women are glad to listen to them.

The Bible woman there is a treasure; she has made herself a part of the village life. She thinks of nothing for herself, does not plan for her own comfort or advancement. Her thought is all for the people among whom she works. She knows each one's particular problem and prays over it, each one's trouble, and carries it on her heart.

"Her name is Mrs. Ding, if you care to put her on your list for prayer," added Mrs. Christian. "My heart leaps up when I think of her."

Mr. Thelin spoke of a man he had recently met who spends his Sundays holding meetings in one place and another around the city. He is a preacher in a village and might stay there, but he wants to go out and give other people the chance to hear the Gospel, so he spends his time and strength lavishly without remuneration that those who have had no opportunity to hear may hear through him.

Miss Armstrong, the warm friend of every boy who has been in her classes in Foochow College, spoke of one who is now a senior in the university, and who wrote to her for advice about entering the ministry. Miss Thomas stated that 103 girls in Wenshan have signed the Christian Endeavor pledge presented to them by the Chinese girls on the Christian Endeavor Council.

"We are going to volunteer for service at Sang Bo next term," Miss Nell Walker reported two Wenshan girls as saying. That is considered the very hardest church of all those in which the girls work: it is the farthest away from the school and in the poorest slum district down along the river front. The staff has had such a hard time training one of these girls to accept responsibility, and here she was voluntarily selecting a hard service for her last term at school! The other girl in describing her classroom in a theme had mentioned the picture of Christ hanging on one wall. "I will serve Him," she had written. Now she was choosing to serve Him in the hardest place.

Dr. Leger said the laymen were already evincing interest in, and are supporting the new five-year program for evangelism which is to be the foremost interest of the Church in China for the present and for the immediate future.

A NEW EARTH

By JOHN OXENHAM

God grant us wisdom in these coming days,
And eyes unsealed, that we clear visions see
Of that new world that He would have us build,
To Life's ennoblement and His high ministry.

God give us sense, God-sense of Life's new needs,
And souls aflame with new-born chivalries,
To cope with those black growths that foul the ways,
To cleanse our poisoned founts with God-born energies.

To pledge our souls to nobler, loftier life,
To win the world to His fair sanctities,
To bind the nations in a Pact of Peace,
And free the Soul of Life for finer loyalties.

Not since Christ died upon His lonely Cross
Has Time such prospect held of Life's new birth;
Not since the world of chaos first was born
Has man so clearly visaged hope of a new earth.

Not of our own might can we hope to rise
Above the ruts and failures of the past,
But, with His help Who did the first earth build
With hearts courageous we may fairer build this last.

A Bates Congregation in South India

This is in the village of Mangalam. Its story is given in the article below.

INVESTMENTS OF A BUSINESS MAN

By CLARENCE EDMAN WOLSTED

THERE was one map that was always before me during our first term in India; I couldn't get away from it. That was the map of our unoccupied territory. It showed in black the fields without schools or congregations, and was a constant challenge to effort to push back the boundaries of the shaded territory.

This could be done by furnishing teachers and evangelists. Now, trained workers can be secured at salaries of only six or seven dollars per month! So the way might *seem* simple. But that was just the problem! Where were the six or seven dollars to come from?

"If you have important centers where evangelists are needed, but no available funds, *there* is where I am ready to place men," wrote a New England business man, Mr. Charles S. Bates.

Here was the answer to my problem, and the beginning of a long story; and to be superintendent of his twenty-one evangelists in our Mission and to correspond with him for three years has been a real hilltop experience for me.

"Just think what it would mean if only we could win all those inquirers," he wrote in answer to one report. His earnestness and fervor were an inspiration.

The eyes of the Indians opened wide with wonder when the story of this business man was told: how he devoted his share of the income of a shoe factory to sending the Gospel message, almost forgetful of his own needs; it was such a fine story in comparison with what they had heard of the materialism of America! It captured the imagination; and the work, the workers, the villages, were designated by his name.

"We believe that our village of four hundred families is ready to become Christian," said forty men and women who came from Mudikarai one day to ask for a church and school.

On three different occasions groups came in from Nedungulam asking to be baptized. Finally, with one of the senior missionaries and the pastor, I went out to look over their field. They had fixed up a place under some margosa trees and five or six hundred were present.

"Isn't that a great sight! My! what shall I say to them?" said the senior missionary.

On other occasions groups came from sections near the seacoast. Most of them had to return to their homes with the promise, "Wait until we can send you a teacher." Some of them are still waiting at the end of three years, for the need seemed to be limitless and Mr. Bates' aid could meet only part of it.

SOME STORIES OF THE EVANGELISTS

Requests came in from every side for the helpers offered. One was sent to Mangalam, where there was no school or church. The people said they would build the walls if the roof was furnished, and this they did evenings after their day's toil in the fields, "singing as they worked."

But the high-caste Hindus took offense at these developments. Why should all this attention be paid to "untouchables" they wondered. What could this new movement mean for these outcastes who were accustomed to misery and hopelessness only? Here was a white man coming regularly to the village. Here was a school with an alert teacher on the job. On Sundays the schoolhouse was used for church services and the Christian group was growing. Pondering on these things, the high castes waited for an excuse.

One day the new congregation marched in a body to the finished school and church, singing as they marched. The Headman declared he had been insulted—they had sung in front of his house! He managed to stir up a persecution that lasted for two years. No bazaar man would sell food to the evangelist; the new converts were threatened; a Hindu leader who took their side and tried to defend them was also ostracized.

"Do better work than ever for your Hindu landlords, and show by your honesty and thrift the meaning of the new faith," said the teacher to his flock, encouraging them to remain steadfast.

Once again the Christian faith won. The persecution gradually died out. Every visit sent me away convinced of the power of the Gospel to rebuild community life for India.

"Why, how do you know about Christ?" I often asked new groups coming with their request to be made Christians.

"Oh! the people of Mangalam have been telling us," was the usual answer.

Theirs was the simple story of the first-century Christians all over again. The wild look of fear and superstition so commonly seen in the faces of villagers was gone; joy was written there instead.

Another worker, Mr. Sounderaraj, was placed in Devakottai, a town of 10,000 people, the only Protestant worker in the place (there was a small Roman Catholic church).

"In addition to the work here there are one hundred villages surrounding this center where I ought to go," he wrote in his last letter. This is in the heart of the Chettinad or merchant country. Some day it will be another pastorate if only this extension program can be continued.

Another man who had been with the Indian army in Mesopotamia during the World War, returned determined to work for the reform of his people of the Robber Castes. He was stationed as one of Mr. Bates' representatives in the Kallar country. Now he is one of our finest pastors, a statesman building for the Kingdom in the villages of that large rural area; over fifty schools have been organized in his pastorate. A cry for such rural development is going through all India. No better answer can the Church give than just such men.

SOME STORIES OF THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES

The people themselves have often taken the initiative in this evangelistic work: they have come asking for baptism.

"Wait until you can be trained so that you will know what it means," has been the answer to their request. Intelligent church groups are needed, not rapid accessions and large church rolls.

In one Bates village a group of men asked for baptism. The teacher said they were ready as they had had over a year's training.

"But the women are not willing to join with their husbands," he added.

What should we say? It was decided that, as in former cases, the men should wait until they could convince their wives. They must prove to the women who live in superstition and fear of the gods that no harm would come to them in choosing the "new markam" (new way). But the men did not see it that way.

"We are ready now and prefer not to wait," they answered, so in that village a congregation of men was formed.

High-caste Hindus have confessed that they were trying to live the Christian life in secret. For the uneducated the training and shepherding of the flock is the vital need. Advance can be made only as teachers are placed in the new centers. Yet, in the face of all the unusual opportunities of this new day, word has come that the Board must give us a ten per cent cut! We wonder if the business men of America will permit it.

The people have shown their appreciation of the way this one man has taken to help. Many have sent unique letters of gratitude. As a reminder of ancient customs palmyra leaves have been used instead of paper, a stylus serving in place of a pen, and a black dye powder rubbed over the surface of the leaf to bring out the Tamil characters inscribed by the stylus. The seven members of one family which had been won sent back their letters in a basket woven by the mother for that special purpose; seldom could you find anywhere so grateful a family.

In January, 1929, the Mission passed a resolution of thanks. This message, together with a brass *chembu* and the palmyra letters, I presented to Mr. Bates in person. The *chembu* is a vessel peculiarly Indian.

"Remember that you take it brimful of our love and gratitude," one Indian had said.

The shrewd New Englander looked over the English translations of the letters, asked questions, discussed plans. His was the joy that comes to the missionary on the field: the joy that comes from seeing communities and people transformed.

Everyone had left the offices in 14 Beacon Street and we were alone. Only the approach of darkness reminded us that it was time to go.

"If I could not be a missionary right on the field," I said to myself when leaving, "I would do as Mr. Bates does. I would be a business man sending out workers to strategic centers to carry the Message."

The Family of Seven

Yet only a start has been made in the unoccupied fields. Today there are untold numbers waiting in the villages for the promised teacher. Will he come? Surely there are other business men who will see in this call an investment that pays.

THE THREE CROSSES

By ELIZABETH LOGAN ENNIS

IN connection with its jubilee in May, 1930, the West Africa Mission will give an historical pageant, setting forth some of the events which have occurred in the history of Angola. For the earliest episodes one must dig far back into an unrecorded past kept in memory by tradition only. Certain it is that there was a time when the Ovimbundu had not yet possessed this land and this remote past is to be portrayed by the coming of Viye to the uplands which bear his name (Bihe), his marriage with a princess from the East and the setting up of his kingdom. In this scene there will be portrayal of an inspired native prophet uttering his prophesies from the arms of a rude cross raised for the purpose. Such crosses, called *the owulu wa Muele Kongo,* were once common in all the villages of the plateau.

II

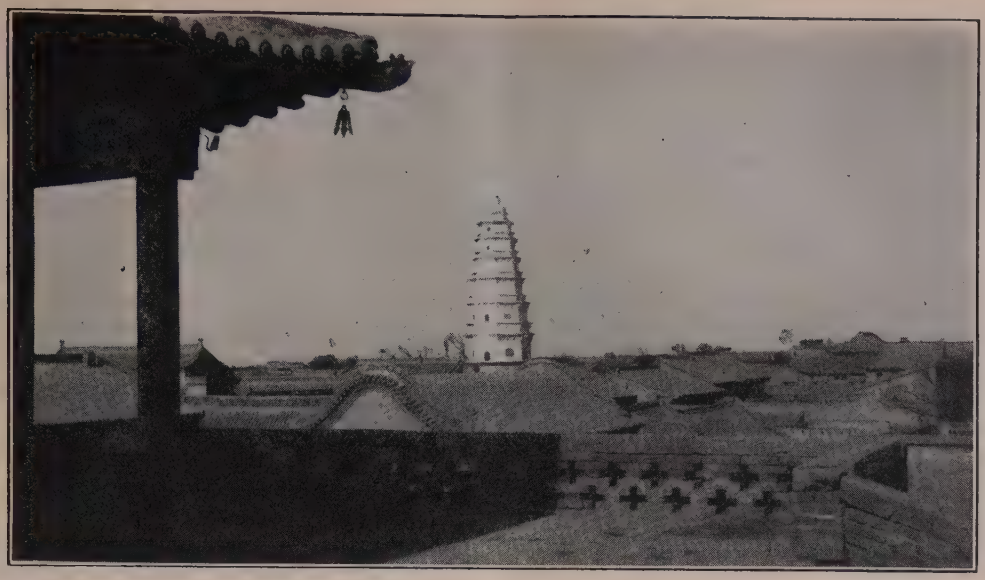
Here the scene will shift to Portugal in the colorful middle ages when Prince Henry was urging forward the exploration of Africa in his desire to add more lands to the dominion of the Cross as opposed to the Crescent. Then back again to the country of Ngola, king of craft, where Diego Cao erected the stone cross with the arms of Portugal upon it a few years before Columbus set foot upon the western continent.

III

The third scene will depict the coming of Messrs. Bagster, Sanders and Miller, the first emissaries of the American Board to the highlands of Angola, picturing their arrival at Bailundo and the subsequent excitement at the court of King Ekuikui. It will reproduce their first stammering attempts at the language and the polite bewilderment of the natives, the early introduction to learning in the form of the A B C's after the manner of a by-gone age and the first lisping of the foreign tunes sung (tell it not in Gath!) with English words. There will follow the confusion of the plunder when King Ekuikui's mind was poisoned against "his own white men" by a jealous trader and demanded their immediate withdrawal.

Scene after scene of the developing and expanding mission will follow; one, presented by Chilesso, showing the various modes of travel from the caravan to the automobile; the whole coming to a climax in the drama of the central schools and the final burst of song at the foot of an illuminated cross. Interludes of song and dance will be woven between the scenes. The pageant is to be staged at Bailundo, where the first mission station was begun.

Thus will be portrayed the three crosses that have blended their influence in the past and are still shaping the Angola-that-is-to-be.



THE TAIKU PAGODA

REDEMPTIVE WORK IN SHANSI

BY PHILIP DREW DUTTON

THE evangelistic program for the fall opened auspiciously with five days of meetings at Ch'ing Yuan, one of the outstations. Two days were given over to a retreat for the evangelistic staff. Then followed three days of special meetings, of an inspirational and educational nature, intended for the Christians of the Ch'ing Yuan region. The attendance was very good. Registered delegates numbered 150—all that could possibly be accommodated. The spirit, too, was of the best. Enthusiasm ran high. The church members received a new vision of the Christian life and of the Christian program. Nearly every church in the Taiku field has felt the influence of these meetings, as delegates came back home and stirred up their fellow Christians to new life and activity. At least one such meeting is planned for 1930; and there will perhaps be two—one in the eastern end of the field and one in the western.

We were most fortunate in securing capable leaders for these meetings. Pastor Yin, of the Church of the Brethren Mission, Pingtinchow, took an important part, especially in the devotional meetings. The preacher on Sunday was Liu Fa Ch'eng, student work secretary of the Taiyuanfu Y. M. C. A. He is a grandson of Elder Liu, who was martyred in Taiku in 1900, and brother of Lan Hua Liu, who graduated from Oberlin a few years ago. He delivered a powerful address on the spiritual life. We also had a wealth of agricultural talent—three experts in their line—Chang Fu Liang, rural work secretary of the National Christian Council; Leonard Outerbridge, head of the agricultural work in our sister station of Fenchow; and Ray Moyer, head of the Agricultural Department of the Oberlin-Shansi Memorial Schools, here in Taiku. Wang Hsueh Jen, pastor of the Taiku Church, was general chairman, and the success of the meetings was in large measure due to him. He is a genuine Christian, well equipped spiritually and intellectually for the ministry. Wang Ku Fang, a science teacher at the Oberlin-Shansi Memorial Schools, also gave one of the outstanding addresses, a deeply spiritual message. All in all, it was a very unusual group of leaders.

THE AGRICULTURAL PROGRAM STRESSED

The agricultural side of things was stressed at this gathering. Outerbridge has imported drought-resisting seeds, which can stand the dry climate of this region, and still produce crops, where the native grains dry up and die, or fail to mature.

Some of these seeds will be distributed soon in the Taiku field. We trust it will mean larger crops for the farmers—a more adequate income, with less danger from famines. Incidentally, it should mean that the Christian farmers will have larger incomes, and therefore can more nearly assume the full support of their own church work.

Moyer has also introduced some foreign seeds, securing most encouraging results in a Virginian cotton, which produces longer staple and a larger yield than local seed. This is a most important factor in local economics, as the great mass of China's population dresses in cotton both summer and winter. Sugar beets are also very promising. They grow well here, and should prove a paying crop, as soon as sugar factories are started. Sugar has already been produced in the school laboratories from these local beets. And Mr. Gene Ch'iao (recent graduate of Oberlin and Michigan, and now acting-principal of Oberlin-in-Shansi), who has specialized in industrial chemistry, hopes before long to interest Chinese capital in such a factory. But Mr. Moyer's main interest is in the improvement of local seeds. He and his assistants have already traveled over a wide section of Shansi, both on the plain and in the mountains, making a selection of Chinese seeds. Already they have secured some most interesting results, but require more time for experiment before distributing improved seeds.

Chang Fu Liang, a graduate of Yale and Georgia Agricultural College, linked all these practical results up with the church program in the local community. We are just beginning along these lines, but it is the beginning for which we have been hoping these many years. And it gives promise that country life in China can be improved in a very marked degree, and that the church has much to offer the community, as well as itself benefiting by such forms of service. The country Christians are enthusiastic, and are eager to try these new seeds.

THE CHURCH IN THE MOUNTAINS

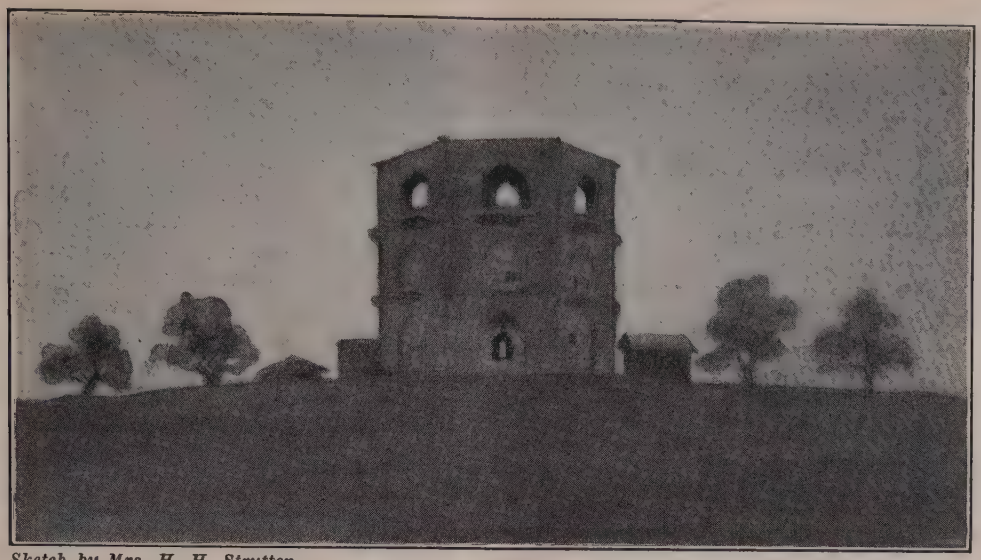
In November I made another trip to Ku Chiao, the church in the mountains, in company with Wu Chin Tao, evangelistic secretary for this field. We spent a very busy and very happy three days there. The church has at last rented a small building in a back court. It is far from the street, hard to reach, but better than anything we have had for some time. The evangelist, Mr. Lu, has a small room to himself, and a larger one for a chapel.

On the first two days we held meetings for about three hours during the middle of the day. A Victrola (gift of the church at Wilton, N. H., where I lived as a small boy) brought the people in, and kept the chapel full, while the three of us took turns in preaching. Many women were in the crowd, the first time they have attended in any numbers at Ku Chiao. When we and they were tired and hungry we called a halt, to eat and rest. On two evenings we showed stereopticon pictures of the Life of Christ in the open court. The court and surrounding roofs were crowded full, probably two to three hundred people in all. On the last evening we held a quiet service for the converts, explaining the meaning of the Christian life, baptism, the Lord's Supper, etc. At the close of the service seven young men were baptized—the first in Ku Chiao; and then the Communion service was observed for the first time. Two men who were very eager to unite with the church were told to wait. They must first break with the opium habit. They want to live in the chapel during the winter, where Mr. Lu, the evangelist, can give them the opium-cure, and can watch over them. One hopes they will succeed, but it is a hard road. By the fall of 1930 it will probably be possible to organize a church in this mountain village—after about three years of most promising work.

MILLIONS DYING

There is still plenty of suffering in these northwestern provinces. Shansi itself is in much better condition than last year. In Southern Shansi there is extreme suffering at present in only part of one county; but before spring, conditions will be serious around Yuncheng, Pingyangfu and Hungtung. I have not yet had accurate information on conditions in the northern part of the privince, but I do know that conditions are much improved over a year ago. There will, however, likely be real need there before summer.

Kansu, in the extreme northwest, which was hard hit by famine last year, has benefited, we hear, by good fall rains. The worst section just now is the Sianfu plain in southern Shensi, suffering from three years of famine. The normal population of this plain is estimated at six millions. Of this number some two millions have already died, another two million will probably die by spring, leaving only about one third of the population alive by the time the next crop is harvested. In the city of Sianfu, an old capital of China, people are dying at the rate of one hundred or more per day. The only fuel for sale in the city consists of rafters and timbers from houses wrecked in order to make possible the purchase of a little food. About the only form of relief possible is the distribution of seed grain this spring. Even the seed grain is being eaten.



Sketch by Mrs. H. H. Strutton.

A Mohammedan Tower on a Lonely Hilltop

DIANA'S INDIAN DIARY

By ISABEL BROWN ROSE

XI

FROM six to ten—hot. From ten to twelve—hotter. From twelve to three—hottest. From three to six—still hot. From six to eight—not so hot. From eight to six—tolerable. That is our daily schedule these April days. The hot weather is upon us in dead earnest. Even the Indians call it unusually hot, and they use the interesting adjective—"kardak." This expression is used about many other things, and carries all the significance of hard, difficult, severe, strict, unbending, overpowering, tyrannical. (Poor, mild Mr. Brunton is called "kardak" whenever he refuses to give a flowery letter of recommendation to any rapscallion Christian who wants a job in the cotton mills!) And we have the pleasant prospect of having the heat more and more "kardak" until the merciful rains break sometime between the eighth and the fifteenth of June.

Jim spent last week-end in Mahableshwar and reports cool weather there. Pansy and Mildred and Miss Terence are all well, and the Language School is the biggest they have ever had, with over eighty missionaries from a dozen denominations. They learn the intricacies of Marathi under first-class pundits, both Christian and Brahman, and they have good times at play as well as at work—at tennis and at picnics and on long mountain excursions. Surely this inter-mission and interdenominational school will accomplish much towards Christian unity, and will help to minimize the dissensions that have too often been detrimental to our work in India.

You cannot imagine how ashamed we feel when we hear an Indian preen himself on being a Presbyterian Christian, or a Congregationalist Christian, or a Baptist Christian, or a Nazarene Christian, or any other of the numerous sects represented in India. Our Hindu and Mohammedan friends are often sorely puzzled, and they ask us in all sincerity "Then there are different *kinds* of Christianity?" "You have *castes* among the Christians?" "What makes some Christians high caste and others low caste?"

The fact that some churches refuse to partake of the Lord's Supper with members of other denominations has made endless confusion and odious comparison. To a Hindu, refusal to eat and drink with a person shows contempt for him as being of an inferior caste; so Hindus naturally infer that the Episcopalian churchmen are high caste, and members of all other churches are low caste or outcaste. And tell me, how can you explain it away?

Pansy's brother Rhoddie Denham was also up in Mahableshwar last week-end, and expects to spend May there. Pansy is well and happy, and Jim says she is mothering a lot of homesick young missionaries newly out from England and from America. They evidently look on her bungalow as a kind of club where they can drop in any afternoon for a cup of tea or a magazine on loan. Pansy is so sweet. She is never so happy as when making other people happy.

XII.

The routine work is going on much as usual, although the number of patients is gradually falling off on account of the heat. People in far-off villages prefer to go on suffering, rather than walk or be trundled in a bullock cart for many weary miles under the pitiless sun. But we have had one patient of extraordinary interest, not to say pathos.

Last week a couple of Indian police officers came to the hospital, dragging a poor, ill-looking woman, who covered her face with one arm and in the other held a mite of a baby. They had found the new-born child lying by the roadside in the early morning, and had taken it to police headquarters. Later on in the day this woman was seen walking about in a demented condition, banging her head against the stonewall of a temple. She was taken into custody and confessed to being the mother of the child.

These crude officers looked on the whole affair as a great joke, and I could tell by their attitude towards her that they had been extremely rude. I jerked them up with one penetrating glance, and brought them to attention both literal and metaphorical. We tried to get the woman to tell us about herself, but could not even learn the name of her village. She was adamant on that point. I therefore dismissed the officers and admitted the woman and child to the hospital.

She responded to kind treatment, and after a week she took me into her confidence a little. She is a widow, by name Radhabai, who lost her husband when still a child, soon after going to her new home. Since then her life has been one long unspeakable misery—a nightmare of underfeeding, neglect, and abuse. When it was known that she was about to become a mother, the elders of the village met in conclave. One of them was the father of the child, but he had threatened her life if she dared to mention the fact. They proposed at first to stone her immediately, but she begged for mercy and received a magnanimous offer. If she would go away at once—ostensibly to visit a far-off relative—and would return without the child, they would be graciously pleased to allow her to remain in caste!

The wretched creature had started out at once. She walked miles and miles and miles, without the slightest idea where she was going, and without a friend in the world. It is almost impossible for us Westerners, accustomed to rescue homes and welfare agencies, to conceive of the mental condition of this ignorant peasant who had never been beyond the walls of her village since she was ten years old, and who was liable to all manner of insult and injury as she tramped on alone and unprotected. And when her days were fulfilled and she brought forth a man child, her one forlorn hope was to leave him to die by the wayside.

I promised to send the child to a good mission orphanage, but she cared nothing at all about its fate. Her great anxiety now was to get home as fast as possible, before her caste folks should change their mind about letting her back. So we called the police again, and had a legal paper drawn up and signed, whereby "Radhabai, widow of ———village" gave up all claim to her male child born in Kamalapur on April 3rd. I told her that whenever she was well enough to leave hospital I would take her part way home in my car, or then pay her railway fare. This kind offer on my part proved unfortunate. It evidently frightened her and made her think we wanted to spy out her village, for the very next day after signing away her baby, she disappeared. She must have slipped out of the ward and through the compound at dead of night, and by the time her absence was discovered the next morning she was probably several miles nearer home.

XIII.

We are always profoundly thankful when the unholy Holi festival is over. It falls on a full-moon day in the spring. Its date varies considerably, for the Hindu calendar is a sensible one with thirteen lunar months, each with a bright and a dark half. This year it fell near the beginning of March, but I had not room in my last letter to tell you about it.

Holi has been called the Indian Saturnalia and, as someone has pointed out, it combines all the qualities of the Feast of Bacchus, the Abbot of Unreason, the Carnival, and the Lupercalia, besides having some distinctive features of its very own! It is ostensibly a celebration in honor of the coming of spring and the renewal of life, and it involves the special worship of the deities and the symbols of fertility and reproduction. The name is believed to come from Holika, a female devil whom Krishna slew in his young days.

Merrymakers parade the streets in noisy processions "in wild abandon, forgetting for the nonce all bounds of decorum." During the festival and for

days afterwards you see people going about with their faces and hair and clothes smeared with variegated colors, and even the cattle and the buffaloes, the horses and dogs, the goats and chickens, are mottled with streaks and spots and hand impresses in red and purple and green and blue. (Alas, my best tablecloth and several towels and napkins came back from the washerman in a shocking polychromatic state. He was much abashed, and explained how a passer-by had run into his little house and had squirted a syringe-ful of paint on him and on the clothes he was ironing.) Part of the fun of Holi, you see, is to sprinkle yourself and your friends and anyone you meet, with red powder and liquid colors, and to bawl objectionable songs at the pitch of your voice.

For about a week we have to close our schools, and we do not expect many women patients to come to the hospital. Every respectable woman tries to keep indoors during the festival, in order to avoid molestation or vituperation, and neither our Christian nor our Hindu teachers and nurses are safe on the streets. In many of the holy cities there are orphanages founded and maintained by pious pilgrims, to care for the flotsam and jetsam left stranded on the shores of life when the tide of licence has receded. In some cases things are very tactfully arranged, with a niche in which the poor mother lays her babe, and a bell handle which she pulls before she slinks off. Many of these pitiable women are widows like Radhabai.

But the bright spot in this otherwise dark festival, with its demoralizing liberties and deplorable consequences, is the fact that many Indian reformers are ashamed of its debauched elements. For many years, of course, missionaries have fought it by means of counterattractions in the way of services, with bhajans and picture shows and clean moral plays. For about a week during Holi we seldom get to bed until two or three in the morning, for we have simultaneous services going on at a dozen strategic points. We have sometimes had trouble with ribald revelers, but only when they were drunk. But, more and more, thinking Indians are trying to bring this celebration back to its pristine character of a joyous spring festival. Papers like the *Indian Social Reformer* urge sobriety and decency, and committees of volunteers are formed to combat the temptations on the streets. Bands of college students (Hindus themselves, mind you) risk a great deal of abuse by patrolling the bazaar, breaking up bands of brazen brawlers, and persuading the more amenable celebrants to accompany them to a lecture or a wholesome show.

I smiled when I read a recent book on India, the inevitable book by the inevitable globe-trotter. It had much of interest but was full of provoking inaccuracies. The author chatted in a gay friendly way about this innocent Holi (which she had not seen from the inside) and likened it to our Christian Christmas and other harmless relics of pagan times!

Innocent! Harmless! Ask the Indian reformers.

XIV

Who and what is a maharajah? Why is this fellow called *ex*-maharajah? Under what law can an American marry an Indian? Will Nancy stay with his other wives? How can she become a Hindu? These are a few of the queries I have been asked to answer ever since, last December, a charming American girl named Miss Nancy Ann Miller landed in Bombay and made the staggering announcement that she had come to marry the Ex-Maharajah of Indore.

It is by no means the first or only case of an Indo-American or Indo-English or Indo-French marriage. Last month we had a case here in Kamalapur. A young Mohammedan engineer had taken his training in London, and after getting a good position on the railway here, he sent for his London bride. He had promised her family that they would be married in a Presbyterian church or at any rate by a Presbyterian minister, but when he tried to arrange matters he found that it simply could not be done.

Mrs. Brunton got wind of the difficulty, and, being much perturbed, went down to Bombay, met the girl on arrival, and offered her protection and (most unwelcome) advice! But the bride took the news very calmly, and when her fiancé suggested that the quickest solution was for her to become a Mohammedan, she agreed with alacrity. She was "converted" in the forenoon, married in the afternoon, and took the evening train here. I called on her and found her a very nice, sensible-looking girl. The two young folks are obviously much in love with each other, but the marriage carries several elements of potential disaster. The bridegroom comes from a strictly conservative family; his mother is speechless over his folly; and the relatives-in-law are prepared to create discord as soon as possible.

But this Indore-Miller affair has caused widespread interest—not to say indignation—because of the exalted rank of the bridegroom and because of the unenviable notoriety which he enjoyed at the time of his abdication.

To begin with, Indore is one of the seven hundred Native States which cover a third of the area of India and which contain a fifth of the population. They are defined by separate treaties and are ruled over by khans, chiefs, rajahs, maharajahs, and other gentlemen with various titles. They are of all sorts and sizes. Some are tiny territories like over-

grown estates. The biggest is Hyderabad, with an area the same as Italy, and with 14,000,000 inhabitants. Its ruler, a Mohammedan, enjoys the grandiloquent appellation of His Exalted Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad, and he is privileged with his own stamps and his own coinage.

The Native States have almost complete internal independence. It is only when the conduct of a ruler is dangerous to the interests of peace, or indiscreet to the point of causing a scandal, that the paternal British Government has to step in and act the heavy father.

Indore is one of the Maratha States which came into being almost two hundred years ago, at the time of a great Hindu Nationalist movement headed by the Marathas against the crumbling Moghul Empire. Its founder was Malhar Rao Holkar (hence the family name Holkar) a successful general who carved out a kingdom for himself in the center of India (about half way on the map between Karachi and Calcutta) and founded a dynasty which was confirmed in its rights later on. The present Ex-Maharajah came to the throne in 1903, while still a minor, and acquired his *Ex* after a very sensational event in 1925.

Three young British officers, out in their car for a joy ride in Bombay, happened to take a wrong turning, and found themselves in a quiet side road in a fashionable suburb of Bombay, not far from Government House. There, in front of them, a scene was being enacted that surely belonged to the movies. A big red car was drawn up alongside a small private one, from which a band of armed ruffians were dragging a beautiful Indian woman. With all the instinct of chivalry, the unarmed officers threw themselves into the fray and used their bare fists. The fair damsel was rescued, but the Indian gentleman in the small car was shot dead, and the abductors made good their escape.

This was a great "scoop" for the newspapers, of course, and it was some days before the whole story was pieced together. Then it transpired that Mumtaz Begum had been a dancing girl at the court of the Maharajah of Indore, whom she had once accompanied to England. Tiring of Indore, she had fled to Bombay, where she had found a temporary husband and a temporary home in the person and house of a wealthy young Mohammedan merchant. This ungrateful conduct having been resented by her former owner, orders were issued that she was to be brought back to Indore, alive or dead—hence the big red car and the attempted abduction.

Mumtaz in hospital, with a bandage that enhanced her beauty, made an appealing figure, and the friends of the dead man were indignant over the manner of his undoing. The desperadoes were ultimately run to earth, and they and the Indore State officials whom they implicated, were tried and sentenced—to fine, imprisonment, exile.

Public sentiment remained unsatisfied, however, for it was felt that these men were simply acting under orders, and that the real guilt lay back of them in their august ruler. The Government therefore informed His Highness that it would be necessary to institute an enquiry into the affairs of Indore State, and named a time limit within which he must agree. At the eleventh hour he cut the Gordian knot by abdicating in favor of his son. Then he left India on extensive travels.

Little or nothing was heard about him until last December when this Indore-Miller marriage project positively stupefied everybody. For one thing, the Maharajah already had two legal wives—the senior and the junior Ranis—to say nothing of *unmarried* wives (as the Indian phrase very neatly expresses it). Would Nancy Miller become a third Hindu wife and reside with the other Ranis at the palace of Indore?

The case was of extraordinary interest because of its political, religious, and sentimental interest. For once, orthodox Hindu opinion coincided with that of the white man—in unqualified disapproval of the whole affair. It brought up a great many knotty problems in connection with conversion to Hinduism, and also with legal points in both Hindu and British law. There were many obstacles in the way besides the legal ones, for the Ranis and many State officials were very much upset, and the would-be bride could not venture to Indore. So the whole party went to a quiet mountain hotel in Ceylon until things could be arranged.

The marriage could not take place according to British law, for the very simple reason that the Ex-Maharajah was already over-married. As a Hindu, there was nothing to prevent his marrying another wife, but she must be a Hindu and of the Maratha caste. But birth alone determines caste. This certainly was an *impasse,* and various propositions were considered, such as that of becoming Mohammedans. But this alarmed the Marathas, who felt that they must under no circumstances lose their "star"—Holkar!

After some weeks, someone suddenly got a brilliant idea which, like the key word in a crossword puzzle, solved everything. In Indian law and in Indian practice adoption gives a child all the rights and privileges of a flesh-and-blood heir. (This privilege of adoption is allowed even to Native Rulers without issue. Quite a romance in this line took place recently when a ragged seven-year-old herd boy, by virtue of his lineal descent and his favorable horoscope, was chosen as adopted heir for the Rajah of Satara. Amid scenes of great pomp he was accepted as their liege lord by a

crowd of chiefs and lesser dignitaries, who brought gifts of gold and silver, and kissed the perplexed child's feet as a sign of homage.) Why, then, could Nancy not become a Hindu by adoption? A Maratha gentleman, a friend of the Ex-Maharajah's, kindly adopted the rôle of adopting father, and the American girl became in the eyes of Hindu law his daughter, thus automatically becoming a Hindu of the proper caste.

The conversion ceremony took place on March 13th near the sacred city of Nasik—a ceremony which made all Christian people sick with shame. Can you hear this free-born, college-bred woman state on oath that she is taking this step out of sincere conviction in the superiority of the Hindu religion? Can you see her, dressed in a green and gold *sari*, wearing green beads and green glass bangles (the bridal color) squatting on the ground in front of half a dozen Hindu priests, who chant Sanskrit hymns and *mantras* (charms), and sprinkle her with holy water in token of purification, while the sacred fire is fed with clarified butter? Can you see her receive a brass image of the god Krishna, which she is to worship henceforth? Krishna is one of the most popular of the gods in the Hindu pantheon, being an incarnation of Vishnu the Preserver. He has some noble traits and many lovable ones, but he is specially worshipped at the Holi festival, and the sacred scriptures which portray his youthful pranks contain passages which come under the category of obscene literature which may not be translated into English.

The wedding was a gorgeous business, staged at a palace forty miles from Indore City, with all the glitter and grandeur any feminine heart could ask for.

But can you understand it? Frankly, I cannot. Miss Miller had not the bearing of an ordinary vulgar adventuress, yet how could she tolerate this—for instance? One day the papers bore the paragraph about the Indore-Miller marriage date on one page, and right opposite it was a report of a lawsuit brought by the notorious Mumtaz Begum against her new husband, to recover from him the gold clothes and jewels which the Maharajah had presented to her while she was still in his favor.

We heard through a friend that a gentleman in Nasik had met Miss Miller just before the conversion ceremony and had felt it his duty to ask her a few questions.

"Pardon me, Miss Miller," he had said, "but are you convinced that you are doing right in this matter?"

"Quite."

"You know what kind of reputation His Highness has?"

"Yes."

"You know about the Mumtaz scandal?"

"Yes."

"Then how *can* you marry him?"

"I'm in love with him, and nothing else matters."

It would seem from this that it is one of these cases of "grande passion" such as most mortals, fortunately, never experience. The Ex-Maharajah is said to have a very mesmeric personality and to manage to get his own way in everything.

A Hindu was asked why there had been such a complete change of front on the part of the Marathas, who had first of all denounced the marriage and then had obliged the Maharajah by performing it.

"It's like this," he replied with a twinkle in his eye, "What is the good of opposing a man who lost his throne for a woman? He has money enough to marry all the women in the world, and he will do what he likes whether we oppose or support him!"

And therein, perhaps, lies the whole secret. But I wouldn't like to be the Ex-Maharajah's new wife when she wakes up to the fact that she has gained the whole world but lost her own soul.

First Buildings, Folk School, Pordim

THE DEDICATION OF THE BULGARIAN FOLK SCHOOL

By MARY MERRILL KING

ON Sunday, December 1, 1929, there took place in the little village of Pordim in Northern Bulgaria a unique ceremony. This was the formal dedication and the opening of the Bulgarian Folk School, founded and sponsored by Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Haskell. Many school buildings have been dedicated here. In fact every new building in Bulgaria, large or small, church or saloon, must have a religious service performed usually when it is begun; but this service was unique because the group of four buildings thus dedicated constitute the first school of its kind in the country. There are state agricultural schools but this Folk School, whose Bulgarian name signifies The Village University, is patterned more after the Folk Schools in Denmark and is an enterprise entirely new in this country.

The guests present at this ceremony included representatives of the Ministry of Agriculture, the State University at Sofia, the American Schools in Sofia and Lovetch, the American Board Mission and the Bulgarian Evangelical Society. Also the Trustees of the Folk School, the mayors of several neighboring towns and a large majority of the people of the village of Pordim were present.

Many of the guests from outside were invited to an excellent dinner served in the dining room of one of the girls' dormitory buildings. Immediately after dinner the exercises took place out of doors, in front of the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Haskell, the wide terrace or piazza being used as a platform, with the audience, numbering several hundred, gathered around on the ground in front of the house. On the wall back of the speakers hung the United States and the Bulgarian flags and between them the picture of King Boris, and beneath that the picture of Saints Cyril and Methodius, the patron saints of all Bulgarian schools.

THE PROGRAM

The program was opened by a short speech by Dr. Haskell in which he expressed his thanks to all who had made the school possible, to the National Assembly for authorization of the grant of land made by the village of Pordim, to the Ministry of Agriculture for its valuable assistance, to the architect who gave unsparingly of time and effort *without any remuneration whatsoever,* to the mayor of Pordim for his untiring efforts in behalf of the school, and to the many generous friends in the United States who gave of their means, particularly to those for whom the cottages Reynolds and Eastman are named.

A Bulgarian pastor, as representative of the Bulgarian Evangelical Church, led the simple dedication service, setting forth the purposes of this new institution to which the audience responded at the proper places, "We dedicate this school."

Short speeches were made by the representative of the Ministry of Agriculture, by Mr. Markham, for the Americans in Bulgaria, by Mrs. Furnadjieff, wife of our Evangelical pastor in Sofia, by

the mayors of Pordim and the nearby town of Pleven and by several others. Telegrams of congratulation were read from the Bulgarian Prime Minister, the President of the National Assembly, the American Charge d'Affaires, the Minister of Education and numerous other individuals and organizations. The program included several songs, sung by a young woman who came from Sofia for the occasion. The attention given by the large audience who stood during the entire program, evinced not only their interest but the impressiveness of this unusual ceremony.

Later the guests were shown about the buildings, whose various purposes were explained and conveniences exhibited. Many of these are a great innovation in village life and caused exclamations of wonder on the part of those seeing them for the first time, such as porcelain bath-tubs, hot-water boilers, kitchen ranges, baby baskets, and kindergarten equipment.

THE BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS

The four buildings are the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Haskell, the two dormitories for girls, and the Practice and Observation Building which is the largest of all. This contains the model kindergarten rooms, a small hospital and clinic, and a day nursery on the ground floor, and upstairs are rooms for teachers.

It is marvelous, what has been done in so short a time since the buildings were started, and with such a limited amount of money. Everywhere is found simplicity, but convenience and comfort, aided by the brightness of modern coloring. The school has its own electric light plant, which was necessitated by the fact that the factory, which had promised to supply the school with light, moved away a short time ago! This plant began to operate only a few hours before the time for dedication, as the water system was completed then.

The grounds around the buildings offer a fine soil for vegetable gardens, flower gardens, fruit trees, hedges, and rose arbors, all of which were vividly pictured to us by Mrs. Haskell as an ideal, the beginning of which she hopes to see realized next spring, if only sufficient funds are forthcoming. At present, only actual necessities can be

(Continued on page 164)

RESULTS OF THE CONTEST

IN September a MISSIONARY HERALD Program Contest was launched by the Education Department of the American Board. Two interested friends combined to offer a prize of fifteen dollars for the best program based on material in some one number of the MISSIONARY HERALD between January 1929 and January 1930.

Fifty programs were submitted, distributed widely as regards geography. One came all the way from China to enter the contest. All were interesting and for the most part they were extremely good.

FIRST PRIZE AND HONORABLE MENTION

The Contest Committee and the Education Department of the American Board take great pleasure in announcing that the prize of fifteen dollars will be awarded to Mrs. Harriet Barstow Paterson of Middletown, Connecticut, for the Prize Program. Mrs. Paterson's program, based on the June 1929 MISSIONARY HERALD, will be found at the end of this article. Honorable mention was given to Mrs. J. A. Thomas of Fayetteville, Pennsylvania, for her program based on the MISSIONARY HERALD for November, 1929. This program is printed in the March 1930 dramatic number of the *Envelope Series*, published by the Education Department of the American Board, five cents per copy.

Several other good programs resulting from this Contest will be printed from time to time in the MISSIONARY HERALD. They will be selected from the following list of programs which the Committee considered excellent.

SOME EXCELLENT PROGRAMS

State	*Writer*	*Title*	*Issue of* MISSIONARY HERALD
Ohio	Mrs. E. C. Klumpf	"Farmer Folk Around the World"	June, 1929
New Jersey	Ida P. Boardman	"Sowers in African Fields"	June, 1929
Texas	Miss Marion Phelps Lyman	"The Philippine Islands"	Sept., 1929
Illinois	Anna M. Truax	"With the Madura Mission"	Nov., 1929
New York	Mary Jenness	"Snapshots of the New India"	Nov., 1929
California	Mrs. A. N. Cook	"World Service"	Sept., 1929
Wisconsin	Anonymous	"World Briefs"	Jan., 1929
Ohio	The Belpre Missionary Society	"Madura Mission, India"	Nov., 1929

THE PRIZE PROGRAM

RURAL LIFE ON MISSION FIELDS

A Missionary Program Based on "The Missionary Herald" for June, 1929

By HARRIET BARSTOW PATERSON

Devotional Service

Hymn: "Summer Suns are Glowing"
The Parable of the Sower—Luke 8:4-15
The Parable of the Kaffir Corn—As Told by Mufino Makuyana of Mt. Silinda (page 229 of June 1929 HERALD)
Prayer
Hymn: "He that Goeth Forth with Weeping"

Rural Life on the Mission Fields (Page references are to MISSIONARY HERALD for June, 1929)

Country Folk in China
- "Farmers of Forty Centuries," by L. M. Outerbridge (pp. 231-233)
- "A Country Gentleman in China" (pp. 211-215)
- "An Experimental Farm at Shaowu" (p. 237)

An Agricultural Nation—Japan
- "The Rural Problem of Japan" (p. 225)
- "Principal Sawa of Ogifushi," by Frank Cary (p. 226)

Practical Christianity in Africa
- "Meeting the Needs of a Rural Community," by H. A. Jessop (p. 223)
- "Digging In," by Dorothy P. Cushing (pp. 227, 228)
- "Agricultural Recruits for Africa" (p. 224)

The Farmers of India
- "Breaking up the Soil in India" by C. E. Wolsted (pp. 234-236)

An Agricultural Program in Turkey
- "A Plan of Advance" (pp. 236-237)

A Model Village in Greece
- "The Development of a Demonstration Center," by J. J. House (p. 221)
- "Education for Life," by Thomas J. Jones (pp. 218-220)
- "The Rural Problem in Missions," by Dr. K. L. Butterfield (pp. 216-217)

Brief prayer for our rural neighbors the world around

Closing Hymn: "Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun"

NOTES ON THE PROGRAM

In the devotional service, hymns and scripture reading are of course optional, though chosen with especial regard for the subject.

In the missionary program proper, no articles should be read verbatim. Six persons should be asked to report on the first six topics, condensing and combining the articles where more than one deal with a single country. Each person might impersonate a returned missionary, telling of the work he or she was doing in each country for rural folk. Or, to be more effective still, each might be in costume of that country, telling, from the farmer's point of view, what is being accomplished for the agricultural population by the missionaries—starting off something like this: "Although we in China are sometimes called the 'Farmers of Forty Centuries,' we have had almost no opportunity to acquire the knowledge and technique of modern agricultural methods. Therefore, when the missionaries start such an undertaking as the experimental farm at Shaowu, many of us . . ." The last two articles may be given separately or combined, according to time and circumstances.

In order to present this program most effectively, two copies of the magazine should be available in order to utilize all of the many fine illustrations. These, with their titles, should be mounted on cardboard and prominently displayed during the meeting, and people should be urged to examine them more closely before or after the session. They will add much to the value of the program.

The Christian Church *and* Foreign Missions

WILSON P. MINTON, *Editor*

WITH OUR CHRISTIAN CHURCH CONSTITUENCY

By WILSON P. MINTON

Secretary for Foreign Missions of the Christian Church

DURING this initial period when we are seeking to bring our Congregational and Christian churches together in a united working force for Foreign Missions it seems wise and necessary to devote at least a part of these two pages to information concerning the group which the writer represents.

As these lines are being written (February 20), Christian churches throughout the country are engaged in an intensive Foreign Mission educational effort through February and March. While the special period will have been passed before this is read, yet it may be well to indicate some of the methods being used by various churches. A leaflet has been prepared emphasizing the project plan which has been working so well among Congregational churches. It is hoped that many of our churches will adopt projects as some have already done, and we believe that the larger appeal made possible to us by union with the Congregationalists will prove an added incentive to do this. Then a booklet has been prepared describing all the work for which the Christian church is still responsible as a separate unit during this year of transition. This booklet covers not only our old work but the new fields in which we have assumed a share of the support as part of the united church. Still another leaflet is devoted to the outline of six programs for use in the Sunday school based on the contents of the booklet just mentioned. Already at this writing a number of schools are beginning to present this material, and by the time this is in print it is expected that the Christian churches will have a much broader view of the whole Foreign Mission program of the American Board which is now our agency abroad.

Where churches have not yet adopted the regular budget benevolent giving, the educational period above mentioned will be culminated with an offering for Foreign Missions. Some churches using the budget plan will also take a supplemental offering at this time while others will confine their giving to this work to the regular every-Sunday giving. In any case, it is our hope to increase our gifts to Foreign Missions this year by twenty-five per cent over last year in order to come a little closer to the fine per capita giving of the Congregational church. It is true that according to the 1929 statistical report of the National Stewardship Council, the Christian church ranks sixteenth, and the Congregational church fifteenth in a list of twenty-five denominations in the matter of budget and non-budget denominational giving per capita. But it is also sadly true that in per capita giving to Foreign Missions alone we are considerably behind. Hence our effort to catch up a bit. We believe the difference is not so much in the comparison of church for church under similar circumstances as it is in the fact that the American Board has received a much larger amount from individual donors than we have. At any rate the difference is there and we hope that by the time this is being read the Christian church will have been giving a good account of itself in its response to the Foreign Mission appeal.

The progress of our two churches toward union in Japan is most gratifying, as was indicated by Dr. Fairfield in the March issue of the MISSIONARY HERALD. Dr. A. D. Woodworth is our senior missionary in Japan, and since he will soon be retiring from active service as a missionary, we are glad to present "Some Reminiscences" from his pen which will be of particular interest to Congregational readers because of his early association with Oberlin College. His reference to Mr. Wishard will strike a responsive chord in many hearts. In subsequent issues we shall hope to bring sketches of our missionaries and stories of their work. We are particularly glad that by this time a number of our pastors and laity are regular subscribers to the MISSIONARY HERALD, and we hope to see the number steadily increased.

SOME REMINISCENSES

By A. D. WOODWORTH, D.D.

Senior Missionary of the Christian Church in Japan

WHEN I was a student at Oberlin fifty years ago, L. D. Wishard, famous in Y.M.C.A. work, came to the town to give an address before the students. Being at the time a member of the evangelistic committee of the college, it was at my suggestion that the two large Congregational churches united in one service to hear Mr. Wishard, thus giving him an audience of about two thousand to speak to. Of all the interesting things he said in his address, there was one unforgettable set of questions which he asked a student in order to get him to surrender his life to the Lord. Facing the student the dialogue would run something like this:

"What are you doing?"
"I am going to school."
"When you finish school what will you do?"
"I expect to spend my life as a business man."
"And what then?"
"After a while I shall become an old man."
"What will you do then?"
"I suppose like all others I shall have to die."
"AND WHAT WILL YOU DO THEN?"

Among my Japanese friends is an old man who says Mr. Wishard came to Japan twice. Mr. Wishard himself says he had a wonderful time with the students of Doshisha, the Congregational school which is now a great university. After the regular meeting, about forty students remained for an after service at which Mr. Wishard undertook to tell the boys what they would receive from God as a result of their faith in Him. As he talked the students wondered—it was wonderful that God should love the world so much as to give His only begotten Son to die on the cross for us; wonderful that through Him we may receive the forgiveness of all our sins; wonderful that by the Holy Spirit we are born again and become the true spiritual children of God and the heirs of all that God possesses. "He that spared not his own Son but gave him up for us all, how shall he not with him freely give us all things?" It was wonderful that he guarantees to those who walk with him an unspeakable joy and peace here in this life, and in the endless future all the resources of God are to be used for our eternal glory and satisfaction, for, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." "That in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of grace in his kindness toward us through Jesus Christ."

When the students had heard Mr. Wishard's address they said, "The gospel is too good to be true." I tell the boys who come to my Bible class in the middle school the wonders, the unspeakable wonders of the gospel of the grace of God as the greatest wonder of the world. There is nothing anywhere to match it.

In my early boyhood days I used to go to the prayer meetings, which for the most part were made up of the aged saints of God. I am sure the Holy Spirit descended on those aged men and women in Christ Jesus their Lord, for, when they spoke, with tears of joy streaming down their faces, they told how good the Lord had been to them, how great had been their comfort in affliction, their strength in time of weakness, and with what joy they looked forward to the happy day when in glory they should see the Lord face to face. Did I hear it only once? Many a time I heard them say that the joy and peace which they had experienced in the Lord was so great that if there were no hereafter at all, it would pay to be a Christian for the joy of it in this world.

I was a boy then, and now sixty-one years have passed and during these years it has been an unspeakable privilege to preach and to delight in preaching the wonders of Jesus Christ and His gospel. So I frequently tell the boys that with the experience of what may seem a long life, if I were young again, the Christian road with Christ is the road I would wish to travel.

HOME BASE

ABOUT DONDI

An interesting thing happened at the thankoffering meeting at the Board Rooms, 19 South LaSalle Street, Chicago.

One of the most devoted workers came to me before the meeting with a small box, in which were a number of little parcels. She said she had been thinking about Dondi. The fact that she had a small store of trinkets and pieces of jewelry laid by for years came to her mind, and she decided that these things could be better employed working for Dondi than in lying wrapped up and put away.

She brought them to the meeting. They were pretty things—quaint foreign pins, a silver bracelet, beautifully cut quartz brooches. Several of them were sold at once, and the money added to the offering.

Why cannot many of us follow this good friend's example? Are there not various means by which others could add to what they have already given and find joy in doing it?

A church near Chicago held a fine thankoffering service, and in one envelope was this note: "These rosy tulips, which would bloom next spring in front of our home, have strangely changed their form and demand to be sent to Dondi." With the note was a five-dollar bill!

One woman, after listening to Dr. Cushman, began to think of her plans for a delightful winter trip. This was to include a visit to the Panama Canal. The Panama part of the trip was to cost $200.00. She decided that the $200.00 had better go to Dondi.

A man, after one of Dr. Cushman's heart-stirring talks, offered a sun-ray lamp for the hospital. His family has not been interested in missionary work. But the sun-ray lamp of theirs is going to bring them into such close, personal connection with a real work in a real place, that hereafter medical work in Africa will not be *missions,* it will be "Dondi, where our lamp is."

Copied from "The Pilgrim Outlook," December, 1929.

"INDIA DAY" AT FIRST CHURCH CRETE, NEBRASKA

The bewildering and changing conditions existing now in India prompted the First Congregational Church of Crete, Nebraska, to set a Sabbath apart on January the 19th and call it "India Day." The students and faculty of Doane College cooperated with the Reverend Harold Cooper in facing the perplexing issues created by the political situation in the land of romance.

A threefold program characterized this "India Day." A careful discussion was held in the Church School in the College classes relative to the paradoxes of life in present-day India. The student mind approached the discussion without racial prejudice and freely recognized the reality of brotherhood independent of race and color. But while recognizing the Indian as a brother in Christ, it was felt by some that they could not recognize him as a brother-in-law because of the practical obstacles on both sides.

Morning worship culminated in a presentation of various aspects of the political struggle which has developed since Lord Irwin, the Viceroy of India, promised "Dominion Status" in the announcement of November the first, 1929. The British side of the controversy was presented by Professor Burlingame of the College. The Nationalist side was given by Mr. Kenneth Heyhoe, a student at Doane, and the Missionary side by Professor Ennis. Then the sermon by the pastor explained the happenings of the last few weeks and spoke of the challenging need of Christ in Modern India. As the pastor of this church was a member of the American Madura Mission of South India under the A.B.C.F.M., he could speak from experience and personal interest.

Moving pictures of Burmese and Indian life were furnished by the University of Kansas for the closing service of "India Day." The projecting machine was provided by the University of Nebraska, while the mechanician was the Superintendent of City Schools. Thus two universities united in making this service a success, and the City Schools also shared in the honor.

This "India Day" was a part of the educational and missionary program of the church. This church pays its apportionment in full on the first day of every month. It accepts this apportionment as a settled policy without debate, and these special days are to create intelligent interest in our Congregational work. This "India Day" helped to maintain the spiritual glow which makes giving to the work of the American Board a pleasure.

Then the pastor told the story of the Haystack at Williamstown, traced the journeys of the first missionaries of the Cross, incidentally brought in something about St. Paul and his "urge," and then dwelt upon the great commission of Jesus. Leaping

over the century of modern missions, he asked what about today. From each copy of the MISSIONARY HERALD he had a story covering some particular station or work and—if we do say it—he found in our 1929 volume some "splendid issues lent themselves to the scheme."

We understand that the Women's Association of the Greenfield Church and even the Junior Christian Endeavor leader have asked the pastor to use the same scheme for their respective groups. He suggests that the idea could be well developed to advantage throughout the country. Why not give the matter your best thought and thus make more effective use of the MISSIONARY HERALD?

THE ZULU CONCERT WITH VARIATIONS

Our missionary society and their husbands owe one of the pleasantest social evenings of the year to the Zulu Concert suggestion in the January (1929) HERALD. While we strayed considerably from the prescribed mode for such an event we assured ourselves that the achieved ends, which were fun and funds, fully justified the discrepancy.

The program, which was extremely informal, opened with a tryout of chorus singers, everyone who wished to take part giving a nickel for the privilege. Few could resist the blandishments of the song leader, a popular basso, especially after he was invested by the chairman with a remarkable headdress, which, if it was not authentically Zulu, was at least like nothing civilized. As fast as the men qualified they were similarly decorated, and the insignia of Zuludom seemed to augment their talents marvelously, so that none failed their sponsors, as dimes, nickels, and quarters were bid for their solo performances, though it is true that some, more zealous than tuneful, had eventually to be suppressed, to the enrichment of the treasury. A lively page attended to the collection, and no coin, tentatively extended, escaped her eye.

A clever story-teller among the women overbid her backer, pleading to be allowed to talk instead of sing. The applause won by her stunt inspired others with like ambitions and nickels were offered lavishly for the chance to "tell one on the doctor," "tell one on the preacher," or simply to "tell a good one." The collector was obliged to exceed her own speed limit and the chairman needed all her executive ability, emphasized by the cowbell, to keep track of the fines which might legitimately or otherwise be imposed.

Puzzles, conundrums, and believe-it-or-nots were bandied about for legal tender, with frequent reversions to song or whistling bouts; but the artistic triumph of the evening was scored by the Zulu native orchestra, whose costumes and instruments were incontestably of heathenish origin.

We have decided to make the Zulu entertainment an annual affair, and undoubtedly next time there will be some more variations.

A. C. D.,
Newton, Kansas.

LETTERS FROM OVERSEAS

THE SHEPHERDS DRIVEN FROM KIENNING BY COMMUNISTS

"The day after Christmas, Liao Ching Sung and I commenced a tour of our own field, and ended in Shaowu for a group of committee meetings and general setting up of the year's work.

"Like a bolt from the blue, Dr. Judd brought us the news that the communists were nearing Ninghwa, a city sixty miles south of Kienning. Liao and I hastened off next morning hoping that the report was false. We traveled far into the night and the next day at Taining discovered that Ninghwa had been captured and looted and Kienning was practically undefended, all the troops having been transferred to other storm centers, leaving a mere handful for police duty. Mrs. Shepherd and Dr. Nutting thought it best not to take any chances, so without waiting for my return, they packed a few essentials and dropped down safely to Mei Kou. After three hours' rest, Liao left for Kienning in a night chair, and I hiked the ten miles to Mei Kou behind troops moving up to the front in the hazy moonlight. At daylight we discovered the two boats anchored on a sandy beach, the folks cooking breakfast in preparation for an early start. The children saw me as I emerged from the brushwood on the far side of the stream and shouted to the ferryman to hustle across. They knew nothing of the circumstances and considered it all one grand picnic, in spite of the intense cold!

"Troops, weary from long forced marches, continued to pass, so we guessed that the atmosphere around Kienning must be quite tense, although we had no authentic news, and no means of getting any. It would be nightfall before Liao could reach us with a special courier, and by then we should be

(Continued on page 159)

AROUND THE WORLD

AN APPEAL TO THE SENATE

An urgent plea that the United States Senate speedily ratify the International Convention known as the Revised Statutes of Berlin and Brussels, which guarantees freedom of conscience and religious toleration to the natives of Africa, was recently sent by the American Board to President Hoover, Secretary of State Stimson, Senator William E. Borah, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and Senators Frederick H. Gillett and David I. Walsh of Massachusetts.

The United States has no treaty relation with Portugal which covers even by inference the activities of American citizens in the Portuguese colonies in Africa who are engaged in scientific research or in philanthropic or religious work. When, therefore, a new decree was issued in the Portuguese colony of Mozambique to go into effect February 1, according to which unless within six months a building of brick or stone be provided with a preacher and teacher who can do his work in Portuguese, over one-half of the village schools conducted by American missions in that colony stand to suffer, and the Americans in charge of these schools have no treaty basis for an appeal. The law also specifies that no books printed only in the natives' own tongue, not even the Bible, may be used or circulated.

This General Convention has already been ratified by England, France, Belgium, Italy, Portugal, and Japan. It is hoped that the United States Senate will speedily ratify this treaty not only for the protection of its own citizens, but in order that its moral force may not be withheld in this effort to guarantee the blessings of civilization to the native peoples of Africa. The Revised Statutes of Berlin and Brussels guarantee not only "freedom of conscience and religious toleration to the natives," but also assures that the signatory powers "will protect and favor without distinction of nationality or of religion the religious, scientific, or charitable institutions . . . which aim at leading the natives in the path of progress and civilization."

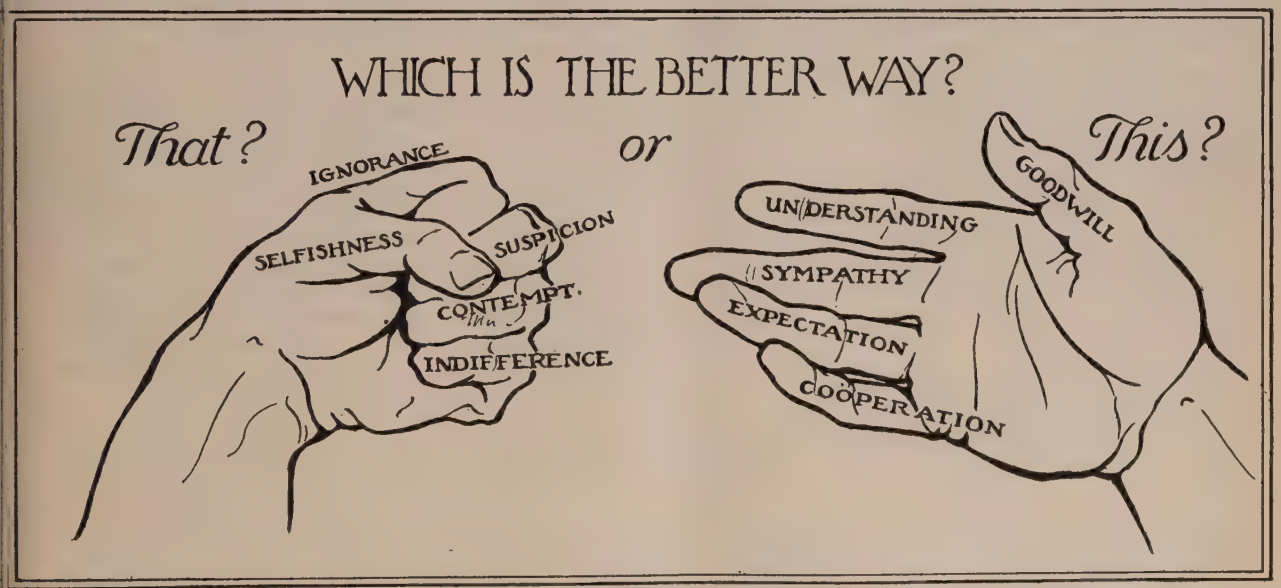
At its meeting on December 31 the Prudential Committee voted:

"Whereas, our missionaries in Portuguese territories in East and West Africa are meeting serious difficulties arising from the disregard by the Government of the rights of the natives to religious liberty, and

Whereas, the United States has ratified no treaty with Portugal which covers in any way the status and work of our missionaries, and

Whereas, the International Convention, known as the Revised Statutes of Berlin and Brussels, guaranteeing religious liberty in Africa and recognizing the status and work of foreign missionaries, has been ratified by Portugal and is now before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations,

Voted: that the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions respectfully urge upon the Senate of the United States the speedy ratification of the Convention revising the Statutes of Berlin and Brussels;



HANDS ACROSS THE SEAS

It is with nations and races as it is with individuals—and business firms: much depends upon the approach. The attitude of the closed fist gets one response, that of the outstretched hand quite another. In world relationships, like creates like: militarism begets war; missions, peace. As Harry Lauder advises, let us scrap the battleship and build up friendship.

EASTER SUNRISE SERVICE—HONOLULU, HAWAII

and

Voted: That copies of this Vote be forwarded to the President, the Secretary of State, the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations and the two Senators from Massachusetts."

HE DID NOT ASK FOR ALMS

A knock one morning brought the missionary in Guadalajara, Mexico to the gate. Outside stood a man who told a pitiful story of having come in from a ranch town without a penny to buy breakfast for himself and hungry children. He asked for work, and he was willing to do anything in order to earn a bite to eat. So the missionary suddenly discovered that he did have some work, and put the man to cutting weeds. At about noontime the rancher finished his task and was paid the usual amount. He said he was satisfied with his pay and then asked if there were not some loose boards that he could carry away. Quite naturally the missionary was curious to know why the man wanted boards. Then came the heart-breaking story, for the rancher replied:

"To make a coffin with. We were coming along the road late last night. The cart struck a big boulder and threw my wife over the front. The wheel ran over her chest."

Mingled emotions ran through the missionary's heart—sympathy for a suffering fellow being, chagrin that he had kept a sorrowing man at work in the hot sun, and with all this a feeling of pride for a humble folk too proud to beg, even in time of direst need, and willing to work and work hard for a bit to eat, even when the heart is breaking.

EASTER MORNING IN HONOLULU

President Albert W. Palmer of the Chicago Theological Seminary writes the following to the Editor with reference to the service that is held every Easter morning in the Hawaiian Islands:

"Immediately back of Honolulu is a low truncated cone of a hill, a circular rim enclosing an extinct volcano, ordinarily called 'Punch-bowl' today but anciently bearing the much more somber name of Puuwaina, 'the hill of sacrifice,' for here apparently authentic tradition locates a place of human sacrifice in the ancient Hawaiian paganism.

"This hill of sacrifice has become in these more Christian days a hill of the Easter morning! For, during the last ten years or so, there has developed a beautiful custom of holding on its summit an outdoor service to greet the Easter sunrise.

"On the day before Good Friday a great temporary white cross made of a wooden frame covered with cotton cloth is raised on the crest of the hill, thus reminding people of the coming Easter. At night searchlights from the harbor play steadily upon this cross and sometimes project a gigantic shadow cross upon the drifting clouds beyond in a way that is wonderful to see.

"Before dawn on Easter morning people come streaming up in autos or on foot until several thousand are gathered around the cross in the fresh velvety air, and look out in the glory of a clear and colorful Hawaiian morning across the sharp volcanic ridges to the eastern sky line to the left of Koko Head where the sun is soon to rise. The Hawaiian band, in spotless white, is playing old hymn tunes and, as the sun peeps above the horizon, there is a hush, a word of prayer, an Easter hymn sung by everybody, a brief address, another hymn, a benediction, and then a general exchange of greetings: 'Happy Easter!' 'Aloha!' And the crowd winds down the trails to town and the more conventional services in the churches."

DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE

Comes to hand a vivid little story of the way in which Holy Communion was observed last year on Good Friday at Tehchow, Shantung, China. Because there was no ordained pastor, Mr. Chang, pastor of the hospital church, suggested a service that he had witnessed before, and which Miss Myra L. Sawyer felt would go far toward satisfying the hunger for this familiar sacrament. Long, narrow tables were placed in the form of a cross in the chapel. White covers and small evergreen centers were put upon them. At each place was set a small plate, with wine cup and square of bread. The people took their places silently, some sixty in all, and after Christ's own words at the Last Supper had been read, bowed in silent prayer, and partook of the communion elements. One of the Passion hymns closed this simple service.

(Continued from page 156)

legitimate prey for the bandits who perpetually reside in the region, so we decided to pull up anchors and head down stream to Tsianglo.

"Providentially we made an extra five miles that day and went to sleep guarded by a gang of pardoned outlaws, who now officially patrol that region, and to whom we had recently made a present in anticipation of emergencies. That night gang after gang of boats at the usual stage, five miles up the river, were looted, and it appears as though the bandits were looking for the foreigners and their fabulous wealth. Not finding us at the regular stage they worked up river, and systematically cleaned out the salt boats anchored up stream.

"After two more bitter cold days on the river we arrived in Tsianglo and have settled down to comfortable camping in the big barn of a house behind the chapel, which absolutely defies all attempts at heating. The best we can do are huge charcoal burners which heat a radius of about three feet.

"The official report this morning is not so optimistic. The communists, after looting Ninghwa, and burning the Yamen, have taken up a position where they are within easy striking distance of Kueihwa, Kienning, Taining, and Tsianglo. Apparently they are intent upon invading this district, and to make matters worse, there is a Soviet State directly north of Kwangtseh in what is known as the Kwangsin River district of Kianpi. The towns of Hokow, Kwangsin, Kueichi, and Anjew will locate it on the map. An expedition from that quarter will make the defense of this Shaowu area a very difficult problem. Troops are coming up by forced marches from Yenping, and the communists may decide to retire, as they did a few weeks previously. So long as they are at large, we shall be open to these partial evacuations, and the people will be unsettled in their commerce and social relationships.

"We can find work in abundance right here in Tsianglo, and we have elected to stay until another move is forced upon us."

Miss Isabelle Harley on the American Academy for Girls, Scutari*

"Looking forward to the time when we may be forced by the Government to close our first five grades, we are dropping off a grade each year. It seems to be quite certain that in time all children below the sixth grade will be compelled to attend government schools. Two years ago we dropped the kindergarten. This year we dropped the first grade. Next year we will drop the second grade, and the year after the third grade.

"Our children are very happy, and it seems too bad to deprive them of the happy school atmosphere which they can get nowhere else. But we prefer to close ourselves rather than be ordered to do so by the Government, and besides, we need the room for our very crowded upper classes.

"We have three hundred girls in the school, including Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Jews, one Persian and one Bulgarian. The Turks and Armenians lead in numbers. Greeks come next, then Jews.

"Each year we notice a growing friendliness between the nationalities. Whereas a few years ago there was constant irritation between Armenians and Turks, Greeks and Turks, it is not an uncommon sight now to see Turks and Armenians going about arm in arm. Whereas they used to choose all their friends from their own race, they now show marked friendship for girls of other races."

*This was written shortly before the death of Miss Kinney, principal of the school. See "The Chronicle."

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AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE VISITS A SOUTH SEA ISLAND

What is money compared to the fragile, tinted beauty of a South Sea Island shell? What are a rich man's millions compared to "a saving knowledge of the Truth?"

Thus mused Carl R. Heine, of Jaluit, Marshall Islands, when he heard of the visit of the American millionaire, W. K. Vanderbilt, and his party of friends, to Jebwar. Christmas had just gone, Christmas in the South Seas, when one morning the ARA, Vanderbilt's fleet yacht, dropped anchor off Jebwar.

Miss Jessie R. Hoppin met the unexpected guests and on Sunday young George C. Lockwood, the newest worker of the American Board in these Islands, had them in his congregation as he preached in the little church to the native people.

"Let us hope that the good seed took root," says Mr. Heine, "for what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Which, after all, is a rather unique way of looking at a millionaire who drops in on you at an ocean island and hands out $100 bills!

Mr. Vanderbilt could not get over to see Mr. Heine's mission station—which was Mr. Vanderbilt's misfortune. Had he gone, he would have met a man who measures life in other than material terms. He would have seen rare beauty, not for sale, in the marine garden which this missionary has built. In it big clams related to the Tridacna gigas are breeding, "looking up through the crystal clear water like gigantic eyes." Turtles of valuable variety, rare shells, corals perfect in coloring and structure and superior to that presented Prince Takamatsu. And living pearl shells of exquisite loveliness, containing perhaps, a king's ransom. "Any he might have chosen could have been his," adds Mr. Heine.

In his privately published volume, *Taking One's Ship Around the World,* Mr. Vanderbilt wrote of Miss Hoppin with whom he left a check for an organ in her little church: "She looked tired. She had begun her merciful service among these people in her early twenties; she is still carrying on at the age of seventy. She devoted herself to them, looked after their interests, and ministered to their sick, for which she is famed throughout the Marshall Islands. . . . We asked her on board the yacht for dinner but she refused because a boy she was nursing had reached a crisis in his illness. Natives look to her for help, and she is there, bless her heart."

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STAMPING SLOGANS ON LETTERS IN TURKEY

We learn through Luther R. Fowle, treasurer of the American Board Near East Mission at Constantinople, that Turkey is using her postal service in a unique way for constructive national health propaganda. She is stamping with snappy slogans all letters as they pass through the mails. Here are some of said slogans: "Malaria is caused by the mosquito," "The medicine for malaria is quinine," "Sunshine is life," "Learn how to protect yourself from communicable diseases," "Clean bodies, clean clothes, clean homes," "Help along education," "Learn how to raise healthy children," "Assist the Red Crescent," "Employ your money; don't hide it away."

Three of the slogans used would be of particular interest to Americans right now: "Aeroplane development is national strength," "Smuggling is treachery to your country," "Alcohol is poison."

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MOUNTAIN PRAYER

By DOROTHY BRYANT ALLEN

Vast, dim and misty
The valley stretches
Beneath the
Mountains.
One sees trees that bend
And move and are
Mysterious.
They seem filled with
Spirit and life.
They guard, they gaze,
They tower high
Upon the mountains.
One loves and looks at
The valleys stretched
Between the mountains.
Daylight reveals
The vastness.
The birds hover above
And the wind
Slowly maneuvers and
Calms the restless
And smooths trouble.
Sunbeams gleam
Through scrawny boughs
Ready to brighten
The mountains.
The magnificent, deep
colors
Become a part of you.
The golden yellow is transfigured
Into an impressive red
And fills your soul.
At the treetops it pauses
[Only for a moment]
And one last gleam discloses
"Day is Done."
The afterglow becomes a prayer;
Into your heart it vanishes
And there is made your own.
Night's stars keep watch
Upon the mountains.
Bright, pure and serving
They stand undaunted.

Oh, God, make me
As your mountains.
High, devoted and serviceable.
Ever on guard and ready
To stand steadfast;
Ever a challenge and help
To valley-folk and
All the others.
Expressing Thy love
Changeless and spiritual.

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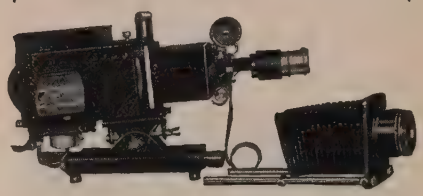

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SPIRITUAL SPRINGTIME IN SOUTH AMERICA

The October number of *World Dominion* contains an article by John A. Mackay that bears the above title and describes a changed attitude towards religion. The writer says that in recent years the materialistic philosophy of life, which for decades has held the educated people of South American countries in spiritual thrall, has been routed in all the leading universities. Religion, which had previously been taboo as a subject of serious academic investigation, is now recognized as a fundamental and eternal phenomenon of human life.

Noted writers have been discussing religious subjects. In Argentina the leading review now publishes frequent articles on religion. The head of the University of Buenos Aires has recently written an epoch-making book entitled "The Invisible Christ." Great significance lies in the fact that thus for the first time in the history of Latin American letters a leading literary man has written a book regarding Jesus. In doing so he calls himself a "plain Christian"; that is to say, he is unattached to any religious organization, Catholic or Protestant. In the Gospels, however, he claims to have found light and peace.

PERSONALIA

A Kumiai Pastor and Family

Mr. Shimidzu, Mrs. Shimidzu and their five children are serving Christ through the Hokubu Church in Okayama. Mr. Shimidzu at one time was working on the Pacific Coast. All his children were born in this country. The picture was taken by Mrs. Olds of our Okayama Station.

Miss Emily S. Hartwell's seventieth birthday was elaborately celebrated in Shanghai by scores of former students of Foochow College. The climax was the birthday feast in the evening. The walls of the dining room of the Hongkew Hotel were completely covered with complimentary red silk scrolls and banners. At the close of the exercises Miss Hartwell was asked to stand in front of a table on which two huge red candles were burning, and the entire gathering stood in a semi-circle before her, and after hearty congratulations, bowed respectfully in unison.

Rev. H. H. Hampartsoumian of the School of Religion, Athens, is this year a graduate student in theology at Oberlin. For the past three years he has been pastor of the Armenian Evangelical Church in Cairo, Egypt. His preaching and his life deeply influenced everyone with whom he came in contact there. "He has started a new era in the history of our Church," writes its secretary and chairman; "The period of three years he spent with us have been full of blessings. We have feelings of gratitude towards you and prayers for the welfare of your Institution, which has been rendering a great service to mankind by preparing ideal leaders."

Miss Margaret Ann Smith of the North China Mission, who has been teaching in Merzifoun, Turkey, the last two years, is back in Tunghsien and in country work. She can see that China has forged ahead in those years.

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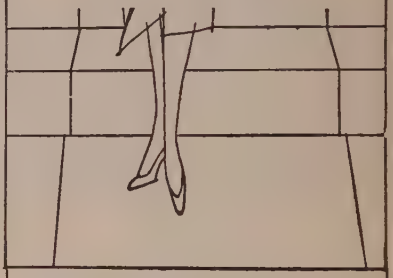

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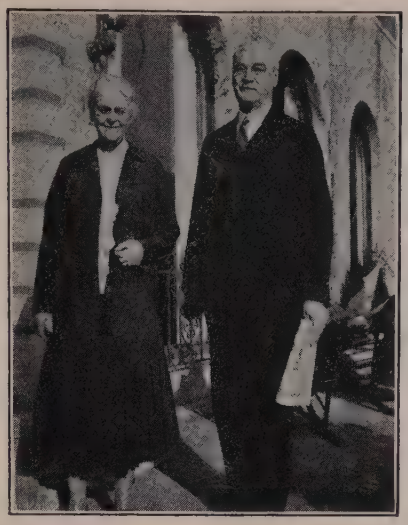

DR. AND MRS. PATTON

This picture of Dr. and Mrs. Patton was taken on the veranda of the Mira-Monte Hotel, Pasadena, by Mr. R. D. Smith of Los Angeles, who, by the way, has visited some of the mission stations of the Board in Mexico and Turkey.

Dr. and Mrs. Patton attended a luncheon held at the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, where there were thirty-five guests present, including as former missionaries: Clara S. Bissell, in the Constantinople Y.W.C.A. for five years; Cornelia S. Bartlett, in Smyrna for twenty years; Miss Felma French, in Mersine for twenty-two years; Mrs. Thomas D. Christie, in Tarsus College for forty-three years; Dr. W. W. Peet, treasurer of the American Board in Constantinople for forty-four years; Mr. and Mrs. Harold I. Gardner, in Hadjin for four years; Mrs. Etta D. Marden, in Constantinople for forty-four years; Mrs. C. T. Hemphill, in Constantinople for four years; Peets Lester, in Athens for two years; Rev. Samuel Edgar Latakia, in Syria for fifteen years; Miss Katerine E. Kelley, to go to Turkey; Ida C. Richter, in Hadjin and Constantinople for two years; Jean Christie, born in Turkey and who lived there many years; Flora Starr, assistant treasurer, W.B.M.I., for fifteen years, who visited Turkey in 1914; Miss Ellen F. Beehea, who visited Turkey in 1914; S. Louise Peck, in Adana, Turkey, for five years.

The guest speaker was Miss Lucille Day, who was in Brousa from 1924 until the latter part of 1929, and who will return to Turkey soon.

Miss Day was one of the three young women imprisoned in Turkey some months ago because of unintentional infraction of the Turkish law regarding religious workers.

At the close of the luncheon meeting there was organized a "Turkey League," the requirements of membership being missionary service in that country. Dr. W. W. Peet of Claremont was elected president and Mrs. H. I. Gardner of Whittier, secretary.

REV. RICHARD ROSE acts as warden of the School of Religion, Athens, and also teaches the History of Philosophy, Homiletics and Theology. Mrs. Rose finds her History class a joy; after finishing up the Greek period, she took it to the Acropolis, where an expert Greek archaeologist explained to students and teacher the wonders of the past.

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(Continued from page 151)

provided with the money remaining after the buildings are paid for and all beautifying of the grounds must await further gifts. Roads and paths are quite necessary as the Pordim mud is particularly tenacious, but these too must wait. While perhaps not in the category of beauty, but in that of necessity, these also still have to be provided: modern stables, cow-barns, chicken houses and pig pens, for Pordim is nothing if not practicable, and if it is to stand as a working model of what Bulgarian villages can be, it must combine convenience, comfort, and beauty.

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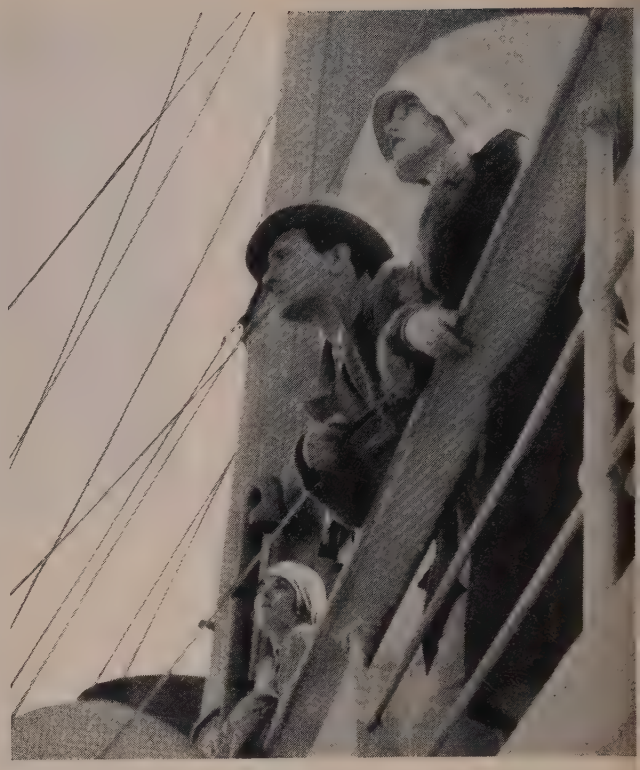
There are now twenty girls in the school, and since the limit is thirty, it is a very good number for the first year, particularly when we know that the Bulgarian peasant has "to be shown" the advantages of any new thing, and most decidedly hates to part with his money when it is only a matter of educating his daughter. Hence the Folk School must win its way among the people where it is most needed. The girls themselves are anxious to come and will be the school's best advertisement. Dr. and Mrs. Haskell, amid almost insurmountable difficulties, have succeeded in opening their school and creating a most favorable impression, as to the location, the type of buildings and their equipment.

Dr. Gurubai Karmarkar of Bombay Welcomes the "Herald"

"The Missionary Herald is just a joy. It comes regularly every month and brings to me such delightful news about the work of the Gospel in many lands—it contains so much news in a nutshell, so to say. Each number has peculiar interest of its own. I could not say of any number that it was without any interest or inspiration. It does help me to pray for Africa and for Turkey and for Bulgaria and for the new country, Czechoslovakia, and other countries. They have a hard struggle to get out of Romansim and to embrace Christianity. That is understood and is helpful. It is nice to know of the triumphs of the Gospel in this new country. Just the last month's Herald had such a fine article on the advance of Christ's Kingdom in that country. I hope to make notes on it so as to be ready to speak at any prayer meeting when opportunity occurs. I am asked once in about two months in one church here to lead in the prayer meeting. I am so grateful to the American Board for their kindness, their generosity in sending me this paper, which I value greatly."



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Rev. James D. Taylor of Johannesburg is Chairman of the Management Committee of a World Service Exhibition to be held in that city the latter part of this year. The Transvaal Missionary Association wants to give the white population of South Africa a look at their missionary problem and opportunity through the lenses of a glimpse of the bigger task and bigger attainments of the Church in the whole world. There will be African villages, Chinese streets, Indian temples, Japanese gardens, Christian choirs, Chinese gongs, Zulu orchestras—international chaos reduced to order by the central theme of the Christian Gospel and Christian education.

Mrs. Roderick Scott has for several years been training Fukien Christian University's Glee Club and choirs. The university can do little in intercollegiate athletics since the nearest other university is 400 miles away. Hence the Glee Club is the chief morale maintainer. And the contacts of the musical work have given her an entree into student life and problems that anyone might envy.

THE CHRONICLE

Appointments

Feb. 11. Miss Abbe Janet Wallace of New York for a three years' engagement in the Madura Mission.

Feb. 11. Miss Genevieve Janaky Wallace of New York and Miss Anna Lucile Lee of LaCrosse, Wisconsin, to the Madura Mission.

Arrival on the Field

Jan. 18. At Constantinople, en route to Talas, Turkey, Miss Ilse C. Pohl, returning to the Near East Mission.

Sailings for the Field

Jan. 23. From New York, Dr. Willis H. Willis, for study in England en route to the East Africa Mission.

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Jan. 29. From New York, Miss Grace Towner returning to Adana, and Mr. Ezra P. Young joining the Near East Mission as a social worker in Adana.

Jan. 30. From New York, Dr. Mary F. Cushman returning to the West Central Africa Mission.

Jan. 31. From Southampton for Lisbon, Mrs. Evelyn Hunter, a Canadian missionary, returning to the West Central Africa Mission.

BIRTHS

Dec. 30. At Shaowu, China, a daughter, Edith Clara, to Rev. and Mrs. Charles H. Riggs of the Shaowu Mission.

Jan. 1. At Constantinople, Turkey, a son, Lorrin Arthur, to Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Kreider of the Near East Mission.

Jan. 20. At Hartford, Conn., a daughter, Muriel Elizabeth, to Rev. and Mrs. Alford Carleton under appointment to the Near East Mission.

Feb. 16. At Madura, India, a son, Patton, to Mr. and Mrs. Edson C. Lockwood of the American College, Madura.

DEATHS

Jan. 10. At Moorhead, Mississippi, Miss Frances A. Gardner, missionary in Japan 1878-1894.

Feb. 7. At Constantinople, following an operation, Miss Mary E. Kinney of Scutari, missionary since 1899 in Turkey.

Feb. 8. At New York City, Miss Anna F. Webb, missionary in Spain from 1892 to 1921.

A TOWER OF STRENGTH FALLEN

A rare combination was Mary Ella Kinney: a fine executive mind; a heart of great sweetness and tenderness; practical, sound wisdom; a modesty, a self-forgetfulness, which made her choose always for herself the quiet, unobtrusive way of accomplishing her work, the inconspicuous place for herself, the taxing of her own strength to the utmost, rather than the calling upon others for such service. With her force of character, her gracious dignity of manner, went a keen sense of humor, enjoyment of all the good and lovely in life. From her serene radiant spirit emanated a strength and power upon which all her friends and associates leaned.

Mary Kinney was born in Boston on October 27, 1874, attended the Boston schools, graduating from the Boston Normal School, and teaching a while before offering herself for service in the foreign field. "I can never remember a time when I did not love the Saviour and feel that I was His child," she wrote. "When I was eight years old I joined a mission band, and it was at that time I began to have an interest in missions." In 1899 she was appointed to the Western Turkey Mission and was associated in Adabazar with Miss Laura Farnham, who had founded at Bardezag the girls' boarding school which was removed eleven

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years later to Adabazar. When Miss Farnham retired in 1910, Miss Kinney succeeded her as principal of the school. Under her care it grew rapidly, survived the vicissitudes of war and transplanting, and became in 1922, after settling in the former home of Constantinople College, the American Academy for Girls at Scutari.

Meanwhile during the years 1916-1919, she had worked in the Armenian Refugee Camp in Port Said, Egypt, managing workshops that gave employment to the women. A tower of strength was she during a riot there in 1918, because the poor frightened women could understand her clear and ready Armenian tongue and feel her calm confidence.

Even then she was dreaming and planning for the international school she felt was needed for the new day that was coming in Turkey. She built into this the best traditions of the old institution and the strongest members of the old staff; with the latter her daily fellowship was a very beautiful thing, her friendship true and loyal. In that school now we have one of the finest examples of an international staff.

She has been confronted time after time with difficulties and problems which might have overcome her, but she has faced them, used them or surmounted them with quiet courage. Her personality has been expressed very fully in the school: her pupils have become known for the "Scutari spirit," an attitude of friendliness, of readiness to serve, of willingness to forget self, which they have acquired from their dearly loved principal.

"Here is a person so busy loving God that she has neither time nor thought to analyze adversely any of His children," said to herself a casual guest in Miss Kinney's home. And to us she writes: "To be so full of God's love that unconsciously one gives even a passer-by an unexpected gift of it is to live a rare and wonderful life."

A PIONEER IN SPAIN

Anna Foote Webb was a pioneer in the field of higher education for women in Spain; she and her splendid staff of teachers, both American and Spanish, who nobly and in all devotion worked with her in the Colegio Internacional at Barcelona, opened and paved the way for the Spanish girls who, slowly at first and now in great numbers, frequent the universities. And not only did she prepare the students for the official examinations for the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the government institutes, but prepared some of them for the higher studies at the University of Madrid.

She was born August 4, 1862, in Dindigul, India, where her parents were missionaries of the American Board; was graduated from Wellesley College in 1882, and took her Master's Degree there ten years later. Meanwhile she had made of Oxford Academy of Oxford, Pennsylvania, an efficient, first-class school, and had gone to Spain in 1890 to study its history and literature. While there she became so greatly interested in the school Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick had founded, that she returned to work in it in 1892. At the death of Mrs. Gulick in 1903, Miss Webb became principal, and under her direction it developed greatly, both in Madrid and after its removal to Barcelona in 1910.

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On retirement in 1921 she established her residence in New York City with the hope of taking an active part in the Americanization work in the Spanish-speaking colony, and of keeping in close contact with those of her former students who were living in the United States, not one of whom ever passed through New York without stopping to see their beloved "Dona Anita." One of her great joys were these visits from "her girls."

Miss Webb was a member of the "Real Academia Hispanoamericana de Ciencias y Letras" which honored her two years ago by awarding her a special insignia of merit for her remarkable work for education in Spain.

From a sketch by a former student of Miss Webb's, Caridad Castellano, of Columbia University.

A MARTYR'S FATHER PASSES ON

On New Year's Day, Major John M. Gould, father of Annie M. Gould, missionary of the Board in Paotingfu, China, who lost her life in the Boxer uprising in 1900, died at his home in Portland, Maine, at the age of ninety.

A Civil War veteran, he served in three Maine regiments from April, 1861 to March, 1866, and in 1871 wrote "the best history of any Union regiment ever published," according to General Rutherford B. Hayes.

He was a deacon in the Seamen's Bethel Church, treasurer of the Portland Seaman's Friend Society, much interested in the coastwise missionary work among the families of sailors and fishermen, and prominently connected with the Italian mission work. A large acquaintance around East Harpswell looked up to him as father and advisor.

His daughter Annie's name, after thirty years, is unforgotten in Maine and in China. The Daughters of Veterans in Portland took it as the title of their tent; the Italian Mission annually has an "Annie Gould Day"; there is an Annie Gould Scholarship Fund, established by Major Gould and his family for the education of girls in Paotingfu, and augmented by checks sent by him to the Board from time to time. He also, in his daughter's name, made a Christmas gift each year to the Maine girls who were in the China Missions.

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